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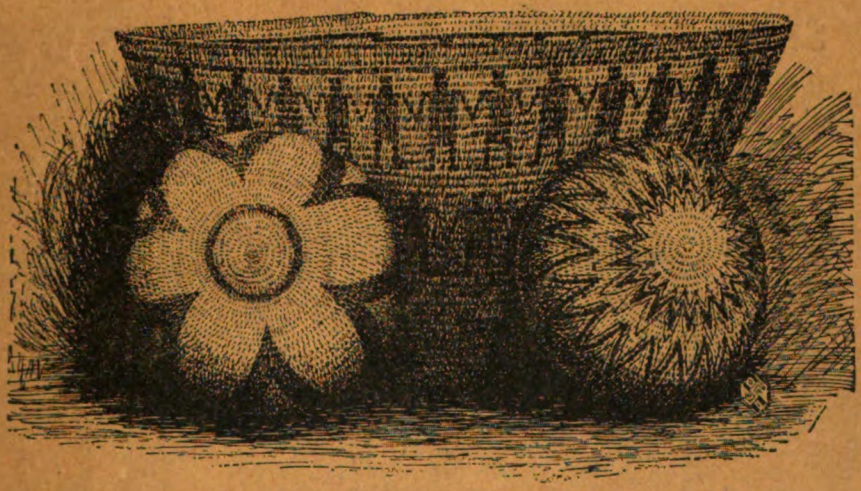
GIFT OF
WALTER FERRIER

THE BASKET

THE JOURNAL OF THE BASKET FRATERNITY
OR LOVERS OF INDIAN BASKETS
AND OTHER GOOD THINGS.

VOL. I. JULY, 1903. No. 3.



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PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.
1903

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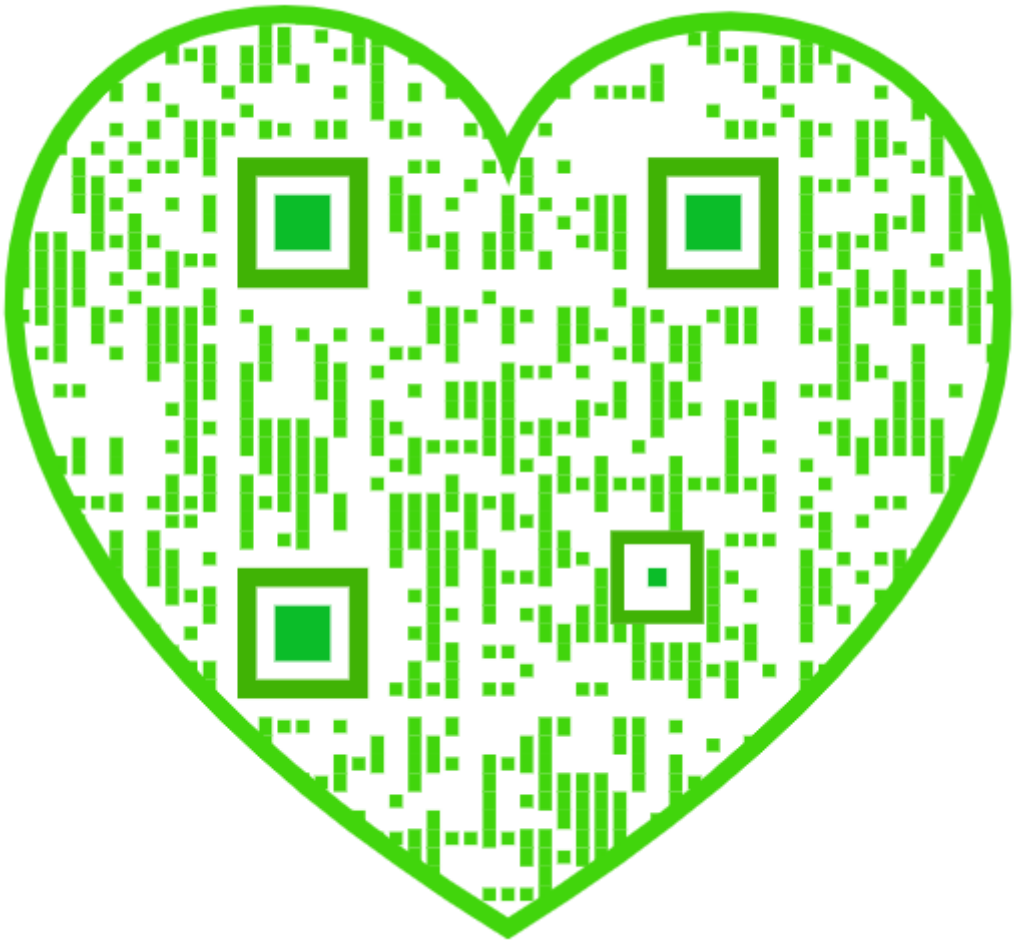

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FIG. 1. MARIA ANTONIA, ONE OF THE CAHUILLA, CALIFORNIA, BASKET-MAKERS.

THE BASKET

THE ORGAN OF THE BASKET FRATERNITY

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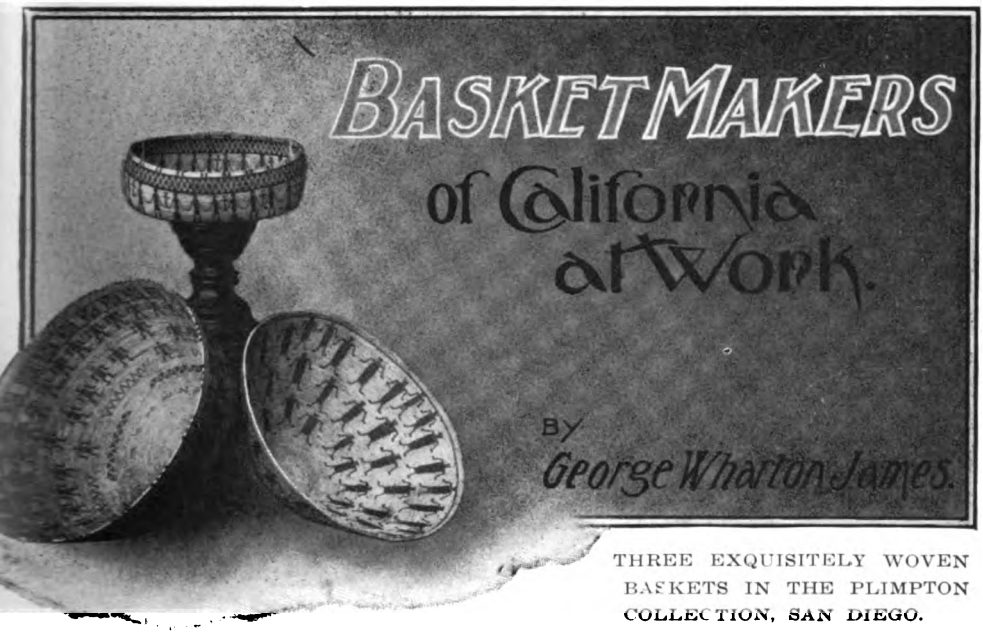

THREE EXQUISITELY WOVEN BASKETS IN THE PLIMPTON COLLECTION, SAN DIEGO.

Reprinted from "SUNSET."

Basketry is a primitive art. It is found among all primitive peoples in some form or other, and in the remains of the most ancient people. From the tombs of Egypt baskets have been taken, made at the time when Moses and Aaron appeared at the court of Pharaoh, or even before Abraham became a wanderer on the plains of Kadesh and Shur. The earliest visitors to Asia found basketry, and when the Columbian discoveries opened up the new world of America, every tribe was found to have its expert basket-makers, from the farthest region in the south to the highest point reached in the north. And it was not an art found in a rude and primitive state. It was highly developed, and, indeed, was then in its days of glory—a glory never since surpassed and seldom equaled.

To the Californian it must ever be a fact of great interest that nowhere in the world was the art of basket-making carried on with great-

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er skill and success than in his own state. From north to south the native Californians were all more or less expert basket-makers. The Pomas in the north were equally proficient with the Palatingwas in the south, and, though it must be confessed that, generally speaking, the art of basketry is on the decline, it is not less certain that the Cali-

FIG. 3. YOSEMITE INDIAN'S ACORN STOREHOUSE.

fornia Indian of to-day holds a very high position among the existing basket-making peoples of the world.

In "Indian Basketry" the student will find enumerated the various tribes in California who make baskets. The list is a long one, and to write fully about them all would be impossible here. And, indeed, we have not the information necessary. I merely propose to conduct the reader, in an easy and chatty kind of way, to several basket-making peoples of California, that he may see them at their work, learn a few characteristics of special kinds of weaving, and gain a little deeper

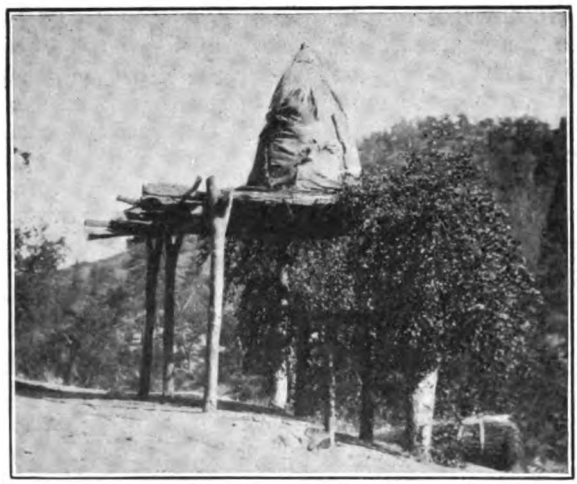


FIG. 4. MONO INDIAN'S ACORN CACHE, USUALLY ERECTED IN FRONT OF THE CABIN DOOR.

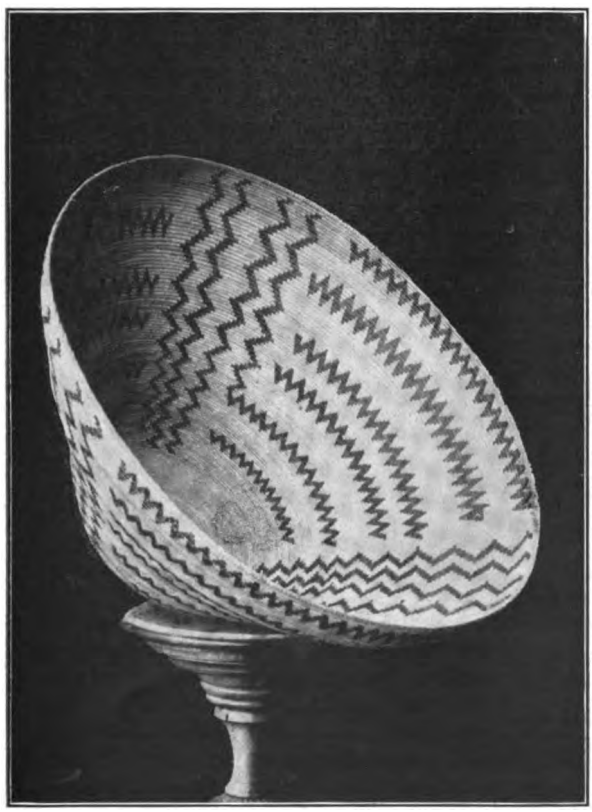


FIG. 7. TULARE BASKET IN PLIMPTON COLLECTION, SAN DIEGO. The zigzag line represents lighting, the meanderings of a stream, or the barbs of a yucca palm.

insight into what basket-weaving used to mean, and still does, to some of those who are engaged in it.

In the Yosemite valley, even under the very shadow of Sentinel Rock and within reach of the music of the great Yosemite falls, two or three camps of basket-making Indians may often be found. And yet they are not Yosemite Indians. There is a small, scattered remnant of the once great and powerful Yo-ham-i-ti tribe still in existence, but its members are generally to be found near Cold Springs and at Wawona, rather than in the world-famed valley to which they have given their name. The Yosemite Indians of to-day are generally either Paiutis or Monos, and both tribes are excellent basket-makers.

A small but interesting collection of baskets may be found in the valley,at the photographic studio of Mr. J. T. Boyesen, and I have no doubt he will gladly show it to visitors who proffer a request to him.

Not far away from the foot of Yosemite falls is an Indian camp, and there I found three acorn caches. They are perched upon stilts and are of rude basket-work, an opening being left near the bottom through which the store can easily be reached.

When I visited the Monos, I found there an acorn cache of different construction. It was perched on stilts, as were the Yosemite ones, but these supported a rude platform of crossed logs, on which the cache proper rested. It is a pyramidal structure and was erected in front of the cottage door, so that it could be constantly watched. Like the Yosemite caches, it is of rudely twined twigs, but this, when full, was covered over with canvas so as to protect it completely from the weather.

Further south than the Monos is the Tule River reservation. Here one may see many expert weavers and discover many interesting facts. We speak of Tulare, Yokut, Paiuti, Fort Tejon and Mono baskets as distinct species of weave. I am inclined to doubt whether any person can distinguish between them, unless he has personally purchased from the weaver and learned from her to which tribe she belongs. For here on the reservation are people of all these names. The original stock that once inhabited all this region, from the Fresno river as far south as Fort Tejon, was the Yokut. They were divided into a number of clans, many of which are named by Powers in his "Tribes of California," and several of which he never knew. I found, among others, the Yo-er-kal-is, Yo-el-man-is and Wi-chum-nas, together with Paiutis.

Now, the intrusion of the Paiutis (whose original habitat is Nevada) into this region offers a most interesting and fascinating field for meditation. Why came they hither? They themselves give the answer. Living, as they did, on the alkali plains of Nevada, subject to drought and consequent starvation, the struggle for existence became too great. Their hardships did not prevent their multiplying in great numbers, and soon they were forced to "expand." Whither should they go? Eastward, where tribes were similarly situated as themselves, or westward, where the game-haunted summits and slopes of the California mountains, the fish-stocked streams of the lower slopes, the fertile grass and shrub-covered foothills and valleys, and the herds of deer and antelope that roamed the plains assured them a

livelihood far superior to any they had ever before enjoyed? There were not many passes, but with these they were more or less familiar: Bloody Canyon, Walker, El Cajon. These afforded the opportunity. Stealthily they laid their plans, and when time was ripe they forced their way over the summits and completely split the once powerful

FIG. 5. MERCED NOLASQUEZ OF AGUA CALIENTE.

Yokut nation in two. They took possession of Kings river, Kern river, Kern lake and Poso creek, and, though efforts were now and again made to drive them out, they found the land too great a "land of promise," a "land flowing with milk and honey," to abdicate their joys. If they left, it must be by force, and that the Yokuts could not apply with

sufficient convincement to be successful. Thus, in a few years the singular spectacle was found of this once great nation split apart by the alien Paiutis, who, from that day until they succumbed to the vices taught them by the whites, held securely to the territory they had gained. The baskets of each are almost alike in design and so absolutely the same in weave, that no person, however expert, could possibly tell which was Paiuti and which Yokut.

Three exquisitely woven baskets in the Plimpton collection, San Diego, (see illustrated title of this article) reveal the various modes of presenting the human figure. The basket, oval in shape, shown in an accompanying picture, was made by a Wichumna of the Yokut tribe. She was living in one of the upper reaches of Kings river, in Kern county. Here the figures are those of dancers, holding hands, some wearing feather kilts. This undoubtedly represents a "big dance" —something the weaver desired to celebrate and keep in memory, as the kilted figures are possibly those of shamans, many of whom were present. The crosses were copied from the pictured rocks of the locality, and, taken in conjunction with the great dance, the presence of so many kilted shamans or medicine men, and the explanation given that these crosses represent battles, I assume that this is the memorial basket made by a woman who witnessed the dances held in honor of certain decisive victories won by her people.

Above the dancers is the diamond-back rattlesnake pattern, beautifully woven. The basket to the left in the picture is by a Tulare weaver, and shows the general method followed by this people to represent the human figure. In the border above the figures is the rattlesnake pattern divided in segments, thus making a kind of St. Andrew's cross, which has led some people to interpret the sign as proof that these Indians have been subject to Christian influences. This is an error, at least so far as this design is concerned. It is a manifestation of the fact that makers do not always slavishly adhere to any set design, and that by and by there results a loss of the distinctively imitative pattern and the gain of a conventionalized form that, by successive mutations, may lose all resemblance to the original.

One old weaver to whom I showed this design informed me that the rattlesnake pattern was originally incorporated into baskets, by ancestors, as a propitiatory offering to the snake. Prayers were said asking immunity from danger for themselves and families from the reptile's deadly bite. In the course of time the diamonds of the design were cut in half and placed upon the baskets in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. The identity of this cross with the rattlesnake design would be apparent to no one, and if the inquirer were to ask of an Indian what it meant, and he were to be told that it was a prayer to the rattlesnake, asking him not to bite the weaver, the answer would seem to be far-fetched and strange. Yet a study of the growth of the design and the mutations through which it has passed, renders its symbolic meaning clear.

The basket to the right in this picture is an old Inyo county basket, purchased in Lone Pine from a Paiuti woman by Mr. A. W. de la Cour Carroll, an enthusiastic basketry collector, who has secured some choice specimens. It shows the oldest type of human figure known to these Indians, and offers a singular contrast to both the other designs.

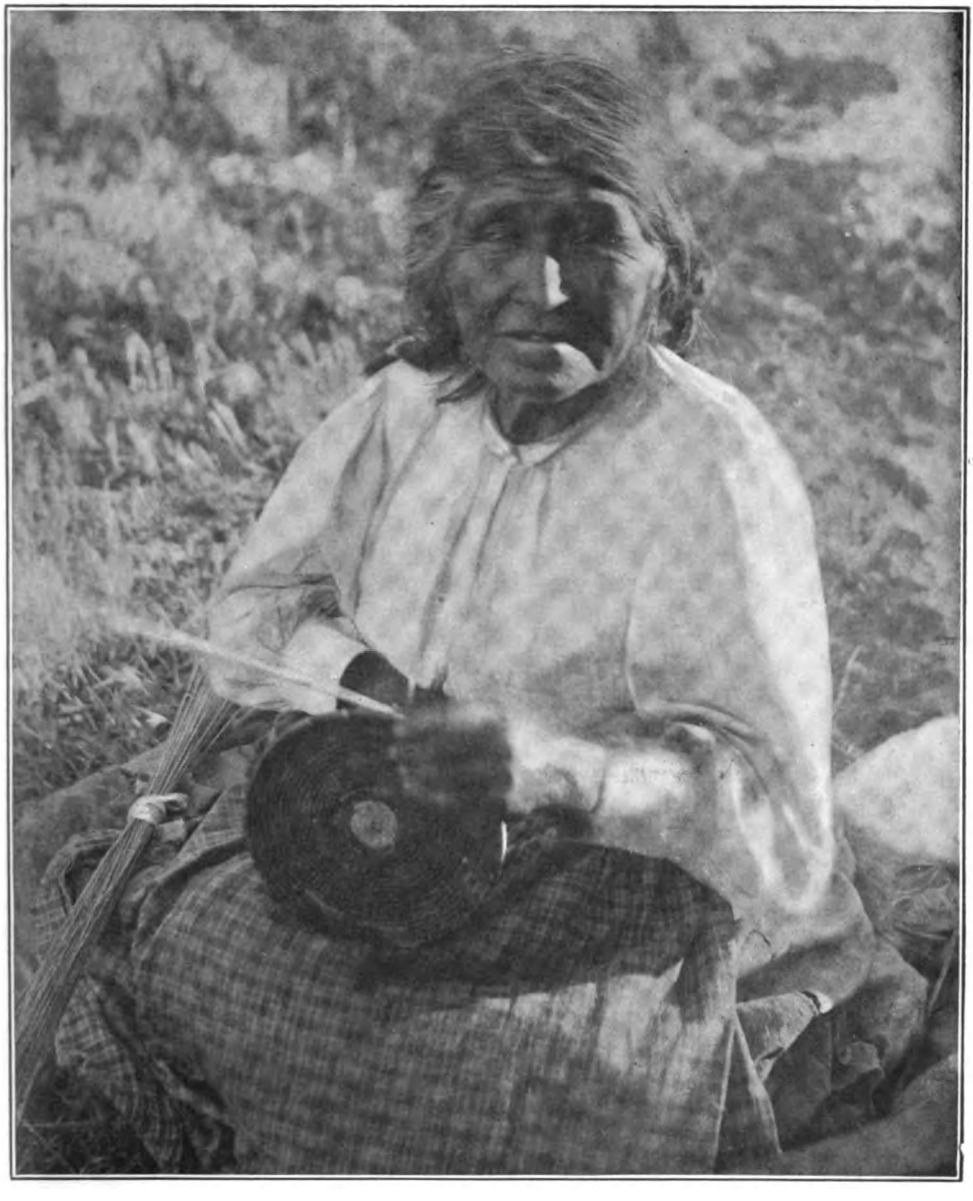


FIG. 6. STUDY OF A TYPICAL BASKET-MAKER OF CAHUILLA.

Other pictures show several fine "Tulare" baskets in the Plimpton collection. In color, weave and design they are equally delightful to the expert. In one the origin of the St. Andrew's cross is clearly and beautifully shown, as it is apparent to the most casual observer that the single crosses of the second, fourth and sixth rows of design from the top are but the diamonds of the first, third and fifth rows cut in half at their points. The design on another represents watercourses, with quail, and the W-like design in the upper part of one of the watercourses is said to represent a spring. Another basket shown may represent three different things, and, as no interpretation was obtained from the original weaver, the reader may make his own choice. With some weavers the zig-zag line represents lightning, with others a conventionalized representation of the meandering of a stream, and with still others the pointed barbs of the yucca or Spanish dagger.

At Cahuilla, made memorable by Helen Hunt Jackson in her fascinating "Ramona," there are a number of skilled basket-makers: Maria Los Angeles, Felipa Akwaka, Rosario Casero, Maria Antonia and several others. Their ware is not as fine as that of the Yokuts, though it is somewhat in the same style. Maria Antonia beginning work on a basket is shown in one of the photographs. The inner grass of the coil is called "su-lim," and is akin to our broom corn in appearance. The coil is made by wrapping with the outer husk of the stalk of the squawweed and skunkweed, and the root of the tule, the two former being termed "se-e-let" and the latter "se-el."

The only colors used are black, brown, yellow and white. The white, yellow and brown are colors natural to the growth and are neither bleached nor dyed. The black is made by taking a potful of mud from the sulphur springs that abound in the reservation and boiling it, stirring the mud and water together. As the mud settles the liquid is poured off, and, while hot, is used to color the splints. Two or three "soakings" are necessary to give the fast and perfect color. The brown is the natural color of the tule root. The outer coating is peeled off into splints never longer than ten inches, but generally nearer six or seven. It is a common sight to find a number of these splints hung up in the humble "kishes," or tule or willow huts of the Cahuillas.

A number of baskets of these people are here shown, and some from other villages of the vicinity. They are mainly in the collection of Dr. C. C. Wainwright, the physician of the Tule River and Mission Indian Agency. A few of the baskets are mine. The one to the extreme right of the bottom row in this picture was made by Juana Apapos, at Saboba, near San Jacinto, and it represents mountains and valleys—conventionalized, of course—of the region round about Cahuilla. The mountain peaks are represented by the higher portion of the design and the valleys by the depressions. It will be noticed that black splints are worked into the valleys. These represent the soil, and the small white spot underneath the soil shows the water sources—the springs.

Above the valleys are two large black triangles, united. When I asked Juana what these represented she was a long time in answering. She was afraid I would laugh at her, and, with an Indian's sensitiveness to ridicule, she positively refused to tell me. But when I finally satisfied her that I would not laugh, she said they represented trees.

FIG. 8. MONO BASKET-MAKER IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

FIG. 9. PAIUTI EXPERT AT TULE RIVER RESERVATION.

When she began the design she soon saw that they would come out much too large, but she had started and was resolved to finish them as she had begun.

Human figures are seen in the basket to the left, in the bottom row, and in the oval basket in the third row from the bottom are conventionalized arrow points. In the basket below the one which bears the legend, "1895 Basket," are flying geese, and in the second basket from the left, in the top row, is a representation of the tracks of a worm. The second basket from the left, in the second row from the top, shows the rainbow, while the second basket from the left, in the bottom row, has the spider-web pattern afterward to be referred to.

The conical carrying basket to the right, in which Dr. Wainwright's little boy insisted upon sitting while I made the photograph, contains a design that perfectly represents the poetic conceptions of the Indian and her methods of weaving them into her basketry. This story is told in "Indian Basketry," page 222.

In another picture is reproduced an interesting Cahuilla photograph. It shows the Ka-wa-wohl or acorn mortar, around the top of which a circular piece of basketry is securely fastened with pinion gum. This basketry acts as a guard to keep the acorns from flying out as the "ta-kish," or pounding stone, is brought down upon them. It is laborious work, this whole process of making bread from acorns, for everything has to be done without any of the modern methods for saving strength expenditure. Students of the human face and hands will also be much interested in those here shown, especially the hands, for there are characteristics in them that are generally associated only with centuries of high breeding and culture.

Another Cahuilla weaver shown is a keenly alert and intelligent woman, Maria Los Angeles by name. She lives in Durasno canyon—the canyon of the peach—at Cahuilla, and makes quite a number of fairly good baskets each year.

At Agua Caliente, on Warner's ranch, San Diego county, are a number of good basket-makers. Their style of weave, materials and colors used, and general run of designs are similar to those of Cahuilla, and it would be impossible to determine at which place a basket was made if one had not seen it in the process of manufacture. Merced Nolasquez is the mother of the present Governor or Capitan of Agua Caliente, and she is naturally an aristocrat and a leader. She and her son both have a dignity which would impress any one who could see below the Indian exterior.

A short time ago a high dignitary of one of the churches wrote a letter to the press, stating that these people were suffering for want of the necessaries of life. It might have done the reverend bishop good had he seen the indignation of this woman and her son when they were told what had been said of them and their people. They repudiated the idea that they or any of the Indians of Southern California needed help from the white man. All they asked was that they be left alone and given a fair chance, and they were quite capable of caring for themselves. The same things were said at Cahuilla, where I went around and visited every "kish" or house in the village. With the exception of three sick and crippled persons, there was not one who did not

FIG. 10. TULARE BASKET IN PLIMPTON COLLECTION, SAN DIEGO.

Here the origin of the St. Andrew's cross is shown.

FIG. 11. TULARE BASKET IN PLIMPTON COLLECTION. The design represents water courses with quail.

FIG. 12. YOKUT WEAVER AND A FUTURE CHIEFTAIN.

resent the imputation of incapacity to provide all that was necessary for the proper sustentation of life.

The design of Merced's basket is the spider-web pattern, a pattern

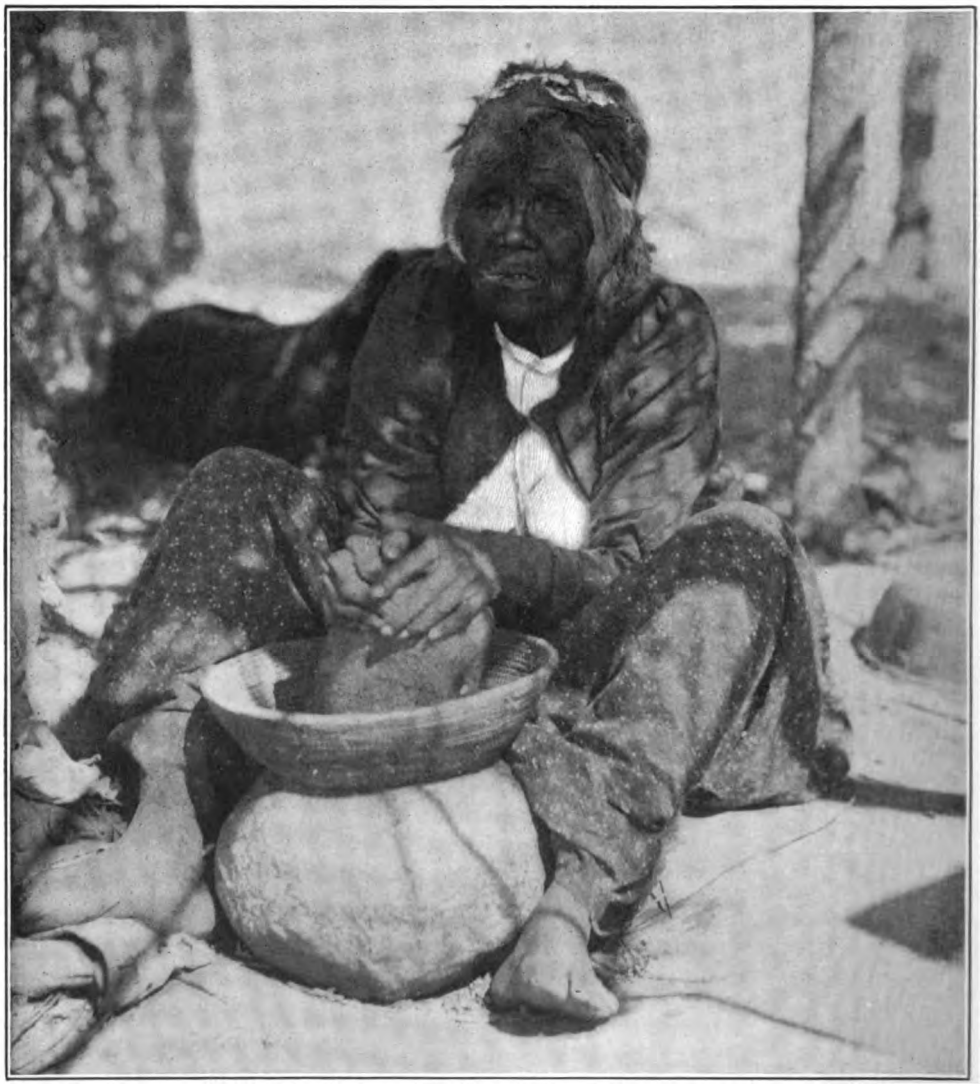


FIG. 13. MARIA LUGO, POUNDING ACORNS AT CAHUILLA, SHOWING THE KA-KA-WOHL OR ACORN MORTAR.

largely popular with the Hopi people of northern Arizona, and found on many of the baskets used for holding the sacred meal in their snake dance, which is now one of the best known of all Indian ceremonials.

When I asked Merced for the meaning of the design, she said that

in the long time ago her people lived where there was little or no water. They prayed constantly for rain, but before their prayers were uttered they sought to gain the favor of the Spider Mother, who made all the clouds, and they wove the representation of the spider web in their baskets for that purpose.

When I told her that, prior to the Hopi snake dance, the Antelope priest goes, with sacred meal and bahos (prayer sticks), to the shrine

FIG. 14. CAHUILLA BASKETS MAINLY FROM THE COLLECTION OF DR. C. C. WAINRIGHT AT THE TULE RIVER AND MISSION INDIAN AGENCY.

of the Spider Woman and there prays and sprinkles the sacred meal from one of these baskets and deposits the bahos, she said:

"Perhaps they (the Hopi) all same as my people long ago."

Agua Caliente is the chief village of Warner's Ranch, from which the Indians were evicted in May of this year. In the next *Basket* I intend to give a full account of the causes which led to the eviction, the eviction itself, given by an eye-witness, the honest endeavors of the U. S. Indian Department to mitigate the sufferings of the poor unfortunates, the work of the Lummis Commission in selecting a new home for them, and the present condition of these Indians at Pala, where they are now in the process of settling.

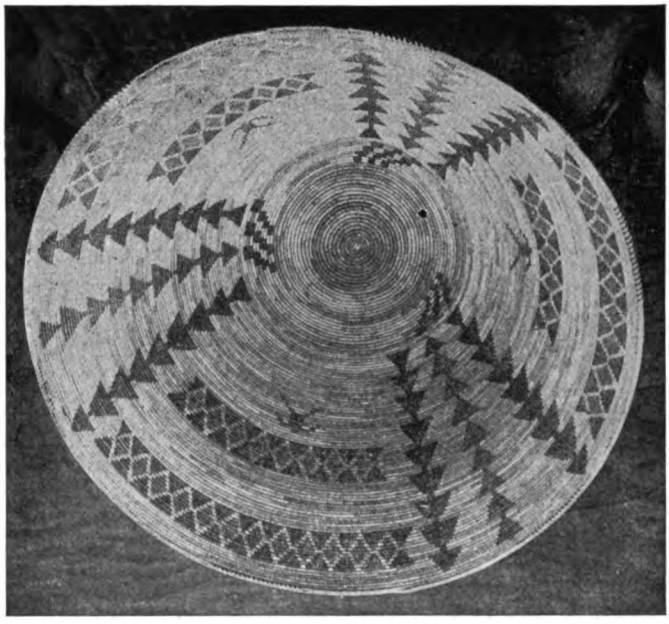


FIG. 15. MONO BASKET WITH "RATTLESNAKE" AND "BURIAL BASKET POLE" DESIGNS.

INDIAN HANDICRAFTS.

(Reprinted, with additions, from "Handicraft," for March, 1903.)

The arts and crafts of the American Indian were, and are, necessarily few and apparently insignificant. Looked upon from the standpoint of our advanced mechanical civilization, they are exceedingly limited. They seem to justify the pitying and scornful attitude most white Americans feel called upon to assume when looking at, or speaking of, the brown American. But both pity and scorn are often the result of ignorance.

As a rule, what the American Indian did he did well; that is, considering his circumstances and conditions. A piece of dress goods made on a perfected loom is wonderful, but far less so, and often far less beautiful, than a Navaho rug made without any other machinery than that fashioned by the rude hands of the aborigine.

But it is when one comes to a study of their baskets that he sees what the untrained aborigine has accomplished. Prior to the coming of the Spaniard, three hundred and fifty years ago, the American had perfected the art. Nowhere else in the world has it been surpassed; in few places equalled. Let the white woman who has scorned the "rude, dirty, vulgar, brutal, savage woman" take the finest and highest accomplishments of her race in needlework or any other "refined" art and place it side by side with the art manifested in Indian basketry, and she may then, perhaps, begin to see how impertinent was her scorn, how ignorant her contempt.

We are living largely in an age of shoddy. We haven't time to be real, to do things well. We can't afford to do so, because we have to hurry to get rich in order that we may dazzle the world as the Browns and the Joneses and the Robinsons are doing. So that when the women of THIS civilization began to talk about making Indian baskets I openly and loudly laughed at them.

What white woman is there in our hurried, feverish life who would go out and gather the materials she needs and that are best for the purpose; study the times to do this; wander miles over mountains and valleys, by streams and through them, into bogs, marshes and sloughs to procure material for splint and dye; then laboriously prepare with her own hands the splints for use; study the chemical action of the dyes and find only those that are good and permanent; and then sit down several hours a day and work at a basket the shape and design of which she has thought and planned over almost as much as an expectant mother does over her child?

But there are to be found in the ranks and on the outskirts of this slap-dash civilization of ours many earnest, true, seeking souls, who are willing to work, and to whom riches and show and position in society are not the "chief" things; who do want to listen to the higher self and "be" something more than butterflies. To these the Arts and Crafts movement has forcefully appealed. They have learned, or are

humbly learning, that truth and honesty and sincerity and personality and individuality in work do mean something. They can see the joy of soul of the carver of the old doors of Notre Dame, the sculptors of the angels and demons, saints and sinners of many an old cathedral, the sturdy twisters of wrought iron, or the dainty touches of the makers of exquisite pottery. "Work as an expression of life," rather than "Work as a means to get wealth," is their watchword, and the result is a turning back to the simple ways of the old, a filling of the soul with ideas gained from Mother Nature herself.

So I have changed my mind materially about the folly of white women attempting the work of the Indian. It is a good thing,—a far better thing than any of us conceived. It will teach us many things besides the twisting of splints and the blistering of our fingers. It will show us the worth of real work, and reveal the value of the efforts of these simple aborigines. We shall learn that they "felt,"—were sentient, poetic, religious. We shall learn that it does not necessarily follow that because we thought the Indian ignorant, dull, stolid, brutal. she was all these things.

So, then, to the work of the Indian basket-weaver, to see what she thought and felt, dreamed and longed after, as her busy fingers twisted the splints into the shapes and designs we are learning to think so much of. Suffice it to say here that the basket to the uncontaminated Indian meant a work of art, in which hope, aspiration, desire, love, religion, poetry, national pride, mythology, were all more or less interwoven. Hence the work was approached in a spirit as far removed from that of mere commercialism, passing whim or fancy, as it was from that of levity, carelessness, or indifference. There was an earnestness of purpose, a conscientiousness of endeavor in the gathering of the materials, their preparation, their harmoniousness, and then in the shape, the design, the weave, the *tout ensemble,* that made basket-making to the old Indians almost an act of religion. It was a perfect exemplification of the idea suggested by the good poet Herbert:—

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

It is a fact well known to our scientists—ethnologists and botanists —that wherever Indians have been over any ground in a search for basket-making material they have absolutely exhausted it as far as practical experiment could do so. Everything that seemed available has been tried and judged upon its merits.—strength, durability, flexibility, while being woven, attractiveness when completed. Surely it is no small matter for our scientists to declare such thoroughness of exploration.

Then, too, whence obtained she her designs, those attractive patterns that even to the uninformed are marvellous indications of an art instinct well developed? It was in Nature herself; in the exercise of the faculty of imitation that her best work originated. And to all artists in Nature the true inspiration will be found. The Indian's forms are natural; her designs are natural; her colors are natural; her weaves are natural, with all the perfection added of conscientious art. This at once eliminates the hideous and grotesque in shape, design, color and

weave. There are no fanciful forms, impossible designs, glaring, inharmonious colors, inadequate weaves. Simplicity is the keynote. Diversity without end, variety illimitable, effects incalculable, yet all based upon natural simplicity.

In form there never was an Indian basket found that was not natural and artistic, until the aboriginal weavers began to copy something of the white man's. Think of the great variety of shapes and the uses to which they were put, and you will see how versatile were these primitive workers. At birth placed in a cradle modeled after a bird's nest; nurtured in a home built of wattled basketry; playing with toy baskets; carrying water in baskets; eating from a basket plate or

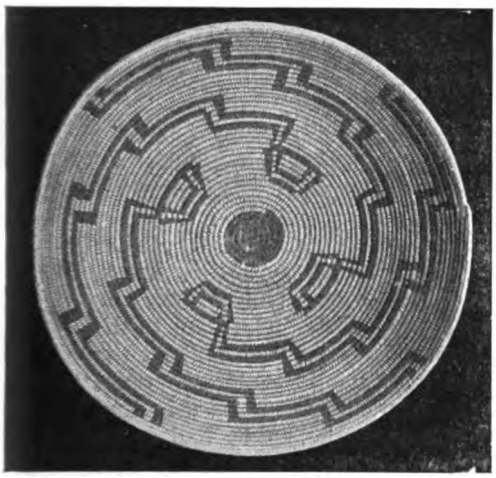


FIG. 17. HAVASUPAI SERPENT AND WATER BASKET.

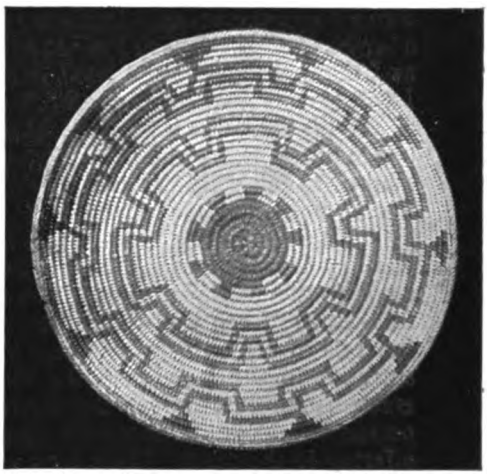


FIG. 18. HAVASUPAI BASKET, MOUNTAIN, CANYON AND TORNADO

bowl; drinking from a round basket; grinding cornmeal or acorn flour in a mortar basket; catching fish in a basket trap; cooking meat, acorn, corn, in a basket; carrying water over the mountains and desert in a *tusjeh* or water basket; carrying foods and other necessaries in a *kathak* or carrying basket; beating the wild seeds into one of these *kathaks* with a basket wand, and winnowing them with a basket fan; sifting the ground meal with a basket sifter; fencing his little garden with a basket fence; trapping birds with basket twigs, and bears and other game in basket traps. The worth of a woman was largely determined by her skill as a basket-maker, and the standing of a dead chief measured by the number and quality of the baskets burned or used at his funeral. No gift to bride, friend or honored visitor was so much valued as that of a fine basket. Hence it is very hard for a white person, brought up surrounded with all the variety our civilization affords, to conceive the important place the basket held in the mind of the Indian. But now to a survey of a few baskets, and a reading of their designs as given by their own weavers.

Figure 15 is of a beautiful Mono basket bowl, in the possession of

which I feel very fortunate. For several years I had been seeking the explanation of the upright figures, the inverted pyramids piled one above another, nine of which appear in this basket. Two years ago I was in Bakersfield, California, and there I found an Indian woman married to a German of superior intelligence. (See Fig. 16.) She was his equal in mentality and character and had borne him a large family, each member of which had grown up to do honor to both parents. They were married in the early days of California, long before the white man's higher code of morals was in vogue. Later, when schools and churches were introduced, there came a time when many white men forsook their Indian wives; and when this woman knew of it she went to her husband and said in effect: "Perhaps you feel as other white men are feeling, now that many more of your people are coming into the valley. Perhaps you want to get rid of me and marry a white woman. I have long loved you faithfully and well, and, as far as I knew, I have been a good wife to you; but, if you wish me to go, I will leave you without a word."

To his honor let it be said, the man was equal to his wife. Clasping her in his arms, he said: "You have been a good wife to me and a good mother to my children, and you shall be my wife so long as we shall live."

This woman was born at the Mission San Gabriel, and her father was one of the principal Indians of the place. When I questioned her, among other designs, as to the meaning of this one, she told me the following: "I can well remember, when I was a little girl, going to the funerals of some of my people. We always buried our dead. At the entrance to the graveyard the medicine man would have two poles erected, and just before the funeral the nearest friends of the dead person would go, taking with them the finest baskets they had as an offering to the dead. These they would place at the foot of the upright poles. After the funeral the Shaman and the people would return to the poles, and there one after another of the baskets would be thrust, or strung, upon the poles, one above another. (The upright designs in Figure 15 show these poles of baskets.) Here they were allowed to remain until the time came for holding the feast of the dead. Then these baskets were taken by the friends of the deceased and burned with much ceremony, while wailings and loud lamentations rent the air. In early times, long before I was born, these baskets were buried in caves and clefts in the rocks with the corpse."

Several baskets have been found in Southern California which had had their bottoms thus rudely spoiled, and until this explanation was offered no one had been able to comprehend why new and valuable baskets were thus mutilated; for, although the discovered baskets were ancient, the injury was evidently done when they were new and in good condition.

Here, then, was an explanation of the design. It is the custom of old people to weave for themselves and friends a burial basket, and to put some symbol or design upon it that shall indicate some thought. Here the old Mono woman wished to have a large and beautiful basket for her husband's burial basket. He was a man of position and influence, and instead of being contented with two poles of baskets she wished to signify his worth by suggesting that at his funeral there

should be enough fine baskets to fill *three* poles. The three poles, basket-covered, are three times repeated, and the three pairs of rattlesnake diamonds, under which three human figures are, indicate that three great rattlesnake-charming Shamans, or medicine men, would be asked to the funeral to sing the praises of the deceased. The three sets of steps below the poles are conventionalized steps of a mountain side. These indicate that the funeral was to take place high up the mountain. Had it to be in the valley, flat bands of colored splints would have indicated it instead of the steps.

This is a basket of great beauty. Of its kind it is perfect. In shape, proportion, weave, harmony of color, finish and design, it is most pleasing. Even a person ignorant of what constitutes a good basket cannot fail to be charmed with this. The weaver made it so with purpose. It is an "outward and visible sign" of the dear love she bore to her husband. When he died, this beautiful basket, when burned or otherwise destroyed, would give forth a beautiful spirit that would accompany him to the "World of Shadows," for these Indians fully believe in an idea somewhat similar to that of the ancient Greeks, which made every tree have its own spirit. They believe that everything—animate or inanimate—has a spirit, which is as real to the spirit of the human being in the other world as the object itself was to the human being while alive. Hence the burning of food, clothing, ornaments, baskets, horses, and the like—a common custom with most Indians at a funeral. They are all supposed to accompany the spirit to the "World of Shadows," there to be useful to the dead as the things themselves were upon the earth.

In this case the wife died before her husband. The basket was found, carefully hidden away among her most cherished possessions. He had worked for the white man down in the San Joaquin Valley. He had met me a year or two previous and had seen the baskets I had purchased, and the high prices I had paid to one of his neighbors. Taking the basket to one of my friends, he offered it for sale at a price so seemingly exorbitant that my friend wrote before daring to purchase it. I felt inclined to run the risk, however, even without seeing it, and wrote back, "Buy it." When it came into my possession my faith was more than justified. I had secured a rare treasure, and when I learned its full significance its value and charm were tenfold enhanced. For, while I do not believe that its destruction would have been of any benefit to its owner, I do feel that in it is enshrined the spiritual belief and love of its maker. Hence it possesses a sentiment, a sanctity, to me, just as a letter would have which was the last thing written by the penman on earth.

In color the body of the basket is a "browny" cream. I have not yet been able to learn specifically what plant the splints are taken from so that this peculiarly beautiful color is obtained. The splints vary in their "creaminess": some are almost white, some approach nearly to the brown, and the color scheme is made more beautiful by this unarranged and unpremeditated mixing of the shades. They blend to make a very harmonious whole. The two outer "poles of baskets" are almost black. The splint used is not the martynia, and I am at a loss to determine exactly what it is and whether the color is produced by dyeing or is natural. It is a brownish black. The outer part of the

FIG. 19. HAVASUPAI WEAVER WITH SACRED BASKET AND WATER BOTTLE.

FIG. 20. HOPI WEAVER AT ORAIBI.

rattlesnake design is also of this same color. The middle poles, the diamonds and the three men are all of the rich, dark red of the redbud. The little steps, near the center, are all of the black splints.

The engraving does not reveal the beauty of the shape of the basket. It is bowl shaped, and stands twelve inches high. It is twenty inches across the top and eight inches across the bottom.

Figure 17 is of a Havasupai basket, in which is woven a number of radiating serpents or watercourses. It stands for both, and both explanations have been given by the weaver who made it. At first these explanations seemed contradictory, but when one understood the thought of the Havasupai (and many other Indians of our Southwest) in regard to water and the serpent, it is a perfectly natural thing that they should be thus associated. They believe that the serpent is the guardian of the springs and watercourses. This, I suppose, comes from one or two things: first, the snake is generally found near the springs and streams of the desert; and, second, the movement of a snake is silent, wavy and long, as is the movement of water. In this fact and this resemblance the Indian sees a close connection between snake and water. Furthermore, when the spring dries up the snake disappears. To him this means that as the snake has withdrawn his care and guardianship the spring has ceased to flow. We know the reverse to be the case, but the Indian believes his own reasoning to be correct.

Now, while the Havasupai has all the water needed down in his cataract canyon home, water is very, very scarce upon the plateaus above, whither he goes hunting. This basket was to be used for the purpose of holding sacred meal before a certain shrine when its weaver went there to pray for an abundance of water on the heights of the plateaus at the next hunting.

Another prayer is embodied in the Havasupai design (Figure 18). I met its weaver going out to a shrine some time after a fearful cloudburst had swept down the canyon of the Bluewater and had devastated the fields and homes of the Havasupais. Their cornfields, patches of melons, chili, beans and squash had been swept away, and for a time they were in great distress. It required a good deal of coaxing to get the explanation of the design, but at length the story came out:—

"I go ask Those Above be good to Havasupais. Little while ago big Hackataia [this is the name given to a storm, a roaring noise, as of a rapid in a river, a tornado, a cloudburst, and also to the *spirit* which animates the storm] come down Havasu and sweep away all my corn, and beans, and melonsin, and onionsin. My thapala [peach] trees get 'em broke and some go heap dead pretty quick. My husband, me, my little gels, my little boys, go heap hungry. I go tell 'em Those Above no send 'em Hackataia any more. I tell 'em keep Hackataia way up on hilltop, and no let 'em come Chich-i-mi-mi [canyon]."

In other words, the basket itself symbolized a prayer. The black center with the small protruding figures represent the great central or parent tornado from which all the smaller tornadoes come. To this the prayer is offered, or rather to the spirit of it which controls and guides it. The wavy design of the next circle represents the canyon and plateau region in which this woman lived. It will be seen that it is free from any mark or design except the plateaus and canyons. This is her prayer: "May we be free from Hackataia in both plateau and

canyon." Then, lest her petition ask too much, she made a second circle on which the inverted pyramid, representing the tornado, Hackataia, is shown on the nether edge of each canyon. This completes the prayer, somewhat as follows: "Yet if I have asked more than I should, I beg that you keep Hackataia on top of the plateaus, make him jump over the canyons [as shown in the design], so that he cannot destroy our fields, that we may have corn and melons and peaches and beans."

Figure 19 is of another Havasupai basket, showing also its weaver. She is the daughter of my friend Wa-lu-tha-ma, and wife of La-no-man, the most intelligent of the young men of the tribe. I was her father's guest when this basket was being made. It was to be used at a dance her father was arranging for, in order that the springs in a certain region would flow abundantly, so that his sheep, horses and cattle might have water to drink.

The basket bottle to the left is an Esuwa. This is made of twined willows, so closely woven that it will hold water. In order, however, to make it more secure, it is afterwards covered with a coating of pinion gum.

It may be interesting to my Fraters to tell them that I once questioned Waluthama (this maiden's father) as to his willingness to allow me to marry his daughter. It came about in this way. I had long been in the habit of visiting the Havasupais, and was regarded as one of themselves. On one of my periodical visits Waluthama said to me: "Why you no live here all 'a time? Havasupai like 'em you; you like 'em Havasupai. Why you no stay here?"

I replied that my wife did not wish to live in Havasu Canyon.

"Why for she no come here? She no come, you come."

"That would never do," I said. "She is my wife and I must live where she lives."

In apparent disgust that a man should be so utterly controlled by a woman, he exclaimed: "She no come, and you live here all 'a time, you catch 'em Havasupai squaw!"

"But," I replied, "white squaws do not like that. White man have only one squaw, and she no like her man have another."

Then, remembering the bitter opposition the Havasupais have always given to any marriage relationship with whites or outside Indian tribes, I said: "Maybe so I come, Waluthama, and I want to marry Havasupai girl, she no want me!"

"I dunno," he replied. "Maybe so I think you catch one heap quick. Havasupai heap like you!"

Then, to tease him, and to see what he would say if the matter were brought right home to his own family, I asked: "Would you sell me one of your girls, Waluthama, to be my squaw?"

This seemed as if it might be a poser, but almost immediately, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he replied: "Maybe so I sell 'em, maybe so I no sell. My gel like 'em you, I sell 'em. She no like 'em you, I no sell!"

A pretty good answer, and one that white fathers and mothers would do well to heed. If marriages were never arranged except where "she like 'em you," there would be less unhappiness than there often is.

Figure 20 shows a Hopi weaver of Oraibi at work on a willow

splint basket. This species of work more nearly approximates to the ordinary willow work of civilization than any other basketry. The twigs are dyed in brilliant aniline colors and then worked out into a bewildering diversity of designs. Some contain clouds and lightning zigzags; others birds, butterflies, bears, beasts of all kinds, and especially the dragon-fly; still others the masks of their katchinas or lesser divinities.

Of these katchinas much might be written. They are ancient ancestral representatives of certain Hopi clans who, as spirits of the dead, are endowed with powers to aid the living members of the clan in material ways. The clans, therefore, pray to them that these material blessings may be given. "It is an almost universal idea of primitive man," says Fewkes, "that prayers should be addressed to personations of the beings worshipped. In the carrying out of this conception men personate the katchinas, wearing masks and dressing in the costumes characteristic of these beings. These personations represent to the Hopi mind their idea of the appearance of these katchinas or clan ancients. The spirit beings represented in these personations appear at certain times in the pueblo, dancing before spectators, receiving prayer for needed blessings, as rain and good crops."

The katchinas are supposed to come to the earth from the underworld in February and remain until July, when they say farewell. Hence there are two specific times which dramatically celebrate the arrival and departure of the katchinas. The former of these times is called by the Hopi *Powamu,* and the latter *Niman.* At these festivals, or merry dances, certain members of the participating clans wear masks representing the katchinas, hence katchina masks are often to be found in Hopi houses when one is privileged to see the treasures stored away. In order to instruct the children in the many katchinas of the Hopi pantheon, tihus, or dolls, are made in imitation of the ancestral supernal beings, and these quaint and curious toys are eagerly sought after by those interested in Indian life and thought. Dr. Fewkes has in his private collection over two hundred and fifty different katchina tihus, and in the Field Columbian Museum there is an even larger collection.

To use in the katchina dances these katchina baskets are made, and if one were to start in to make a collection of all the katchina baskets of the Hopi, he could look forward to possessing, in time, as large a number as Dr. Fewkes has of katchina dolls.

FIG. 21. CAPT. BURRO AND HIS SQUAW AT THEIR HAWA IN HAVASU CANYON.

THE HAVASUPAI INDIANS AND THEIR HOMES.

In the article on "Indian Handicrafts" there are two pictures of Havasupai baskets and one of Havasupai weaver. It will add much to the interest of students of Indian basketry to know somewhat more of the basket-weavers than the mere fact that their home is located in some particular part of the country. It is my purpose, therefore, in subsequent numbers of THE BASKET to give in each issue a somewhat detailed account of the homes, surroundings and life of the more prominent of the basket-making tribes. These articles will not be printed in the order of their relative importance, for the Havasupais are by no means as good basket makers as several others. They, however, do have a distinct place in the basket-making family. Their home is one of the most ruggedly picturesque and wonderful in the known world.

On the south rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, which cuts diagonally across the northwestern portion of Arizona, there are two important tributary canyons. The most important of these is the Havasu Chic-i-mi-mi (canyon of the blue water). This is where they live.

The first man to visit the Havasu, as far as we know, was Padre Francisco Garces. Garces was a Spanish Franciscan Friar, who was the resident priest at San Xavier del Bac, at that time in the Spanish Mexican province of Sonora (now in Arizona), and located on the Santa Cruz River, nine miles from Tucson. Garces was born in Aragon in 1738, and on June 30, 1768, was appointed to San Xavier. Although his local work was very exacting, he was a true missionary, and determined to visit all the Indians he could possibly reach who were without the privileges of Christian teaching. Four times he made long journeys into the interior, visiting a large number of Indian tribes. Amongst these were the Wallapais and the Havasupais. He was making these journeys at the time that Jefferson and his coadjutors were discussing that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, and exactly fourteen days before it was signed he reached the little settlement of the Indians of the Blue Water. In conformity with the habit of these early Spanish explorers, he named Havasu Creek San Antonio River. For five days he remained here, interested in watching the life of the Indians.

Dr. Elliott Coues, who visited the Havasupais in 1881 with a governmental party, has translated Garces' diary, and it was published a short time ago by Francis P. Harper, of New York. In this translation he describes the descent of his (Coues's) party into the Canyon, and his description is so vivid that it is well worth reproduction here.

"On the 10th a march of ten miles in the same direction brought us abruptly to the brink of the precipice—a sharp-edged jump-off of perhaps a thousand feet. There was no side canyon here for gradual

descent; the firm level ground gave no hint of the break before us till we were actually upon the verge, and when the soldiers lined up to look down an involuntary murmur of astonishment ran through the ranks. Dismounting and going in single file, each man leading his horse, we took the dizzy trail—a narrow footpath, in many parts of which a misstep would have been destruction to man or beast. The way zigzagged at first for some distance, on the 'switchback' principle by which railroads sometimes make grades otherwise impracticable; the face of the precipice was so steep that, as we filed along, those of us at the head of the procession looked up to see the other sections of the train almost overhead; certainly a fall of any man there would have been right on top of us. Then the trail took a long lurch to the left with little descent, hugging the face of the cliff, and we looked like a row of ants on a wall. This brought us at length to the head of a great talus, down which the trail zigzagged—the incline was too steep for straight descent, probably at an angle of 45 degrees. This fetched us into the bed of Cataract Canyon, perfectly dry. The trail was nearly a mile long, and it took us an hour to make our creepy way down. The Havasupai chief, who had been advised of our coming, was there to meet us with some of his men, all mounted; and he took us up the canyon about five miles to a place where there was a scanty aguage, not sufficing for the wants of the whole party. Next morning we retraced our steps down the canyon and kept on in its bed till we reached the wonderful blue spring above described and the wonderful rancheria of the Indians, a distance from last night's camp of about 25 miles, as we had struck the canyon some 20 miles above the living water."

I myself have visited the aguage, or spring, a few miles above the place of descent here described by Dr. Coues. It is known to the Havasupai Indians as Pac-a-tha-trú-yi-ba. The Indians also tell me of the loss of a horse of this party which fell from the trail and was killed.

Garces came into the canyon by another trail, entirely distinct from this, commonly known as the Wallapai trail. He left Havasu Canyon by still another trail, known as the Moki trail, a trail that leads directly from this canyon to the home of the Hopis (as the Mokis call themselves), eighty or one hundred miles to the northeast.

Still another trail leading down into the Havasu canyon is known as the Topocobya. A portion of this trail is pictured in the accompanying engraving. It is the trail down which tourists who visit Havasu Canyon from the Bright Angel Hotel, or, preferably, from Bass Camp, on the rim of the Grand Canyon, are taken.

In 1857 Lieut. Joseph C. Ives, who was sent out by the United States government to make a report on the Colorado River on the West, made the descent into Havasu Canyon down the Wallapai trail. His account of the journey reads like a novel, and people who are unfamiliar with the wonderful engineering feats of the Havasu Indians can scarcely believe that Ives did not allow his imagination to run away with him in his descriptions of the Havasupais' engineering feats.

Later Lieut. Cushing, guided by his Indian friends, rode across country to the Hopis, and then secured a Hopi guide who took him to see the Havasupais over the Moki trail. He confirms all that Ives and Coues have written of the astonishing character of the trails. Having been up and down these trails many times during the last dozen years

I can say without hesitation that there are no more startling trails to be found in our Southwest. They are grand, stupendous and terrifying.

Except in the rainy season the upper portions of the main Havasu Canyon and all its tributaries are dry and sandy. Just before one reaches the village, however, the barrenness disappears. A thousand springs appear and unite to form a stream which, in less than a hundred yards, will measure from four to six feet deep and fully eight feet across. It is this stream that renders life possible for the Indians. For the distance of about two miles the bed of the canyon, which is here filled with sandy earth, is irrigated from this rapidly flowing stream. The result is that with comparatively little labor the Havasupais are able to produce excellent crops of corn, beans, chilis, onions, melons, squash and other vegetables. After the advent of the Spaniards they obtained peach trees, and they now grow far more peaches than they can eat, drying large quantities, some of which they sell to ranchers, miners and others outside.

The house of a Havasupai is called a "hawa." It is a primitive structure, generally built of cotton-wood poles, willows and earth. Occasionally one of the leading men will put up a more pretentious home, when the sides will be of wattled willows, plastered inside and out with mud, with a mud-covered roof which will turn the rain. In fig. 21 is shown one of the lesser chiefs of the tribe, known to the white man as Capt. Burro. He and his wife are to be seen in the photograph, his wife having upon her back a basket-kathak or burden-bearer, made by herself. The son of this couple is generally known to the whites as Supai Bill, or Burro Bill, and has long been employed by the proprietor of the Bright Angel Hotel at the canyon.

There are about thirty basket-makers among the Havasupais, the wife of Lanoman, shown in fig. 22, being one of the best of the younger weavers.

Havasu Creek, being lined with willows that are admirably adapted for basket-making, and having an abundant supply of martynia, or cat's-claw, found on the plateaus above, this canyon is a veritable basket-makers' paradise. Their best work is done in the coiled stitch and is fully described in "Indian Basketry" and "How to Make Indian and Other Baskets." The Esuwas, or water-bottles, are made out of the twined weave, and a description is given in "Indian Basketry," page 165, of their method of manufacture.

Havasu Canyon is so interesting, not only on account of its Indians, but because of its marvelous picturesqueness, its narrow walls reaching up to the very heavens and shutting out the sun except for the midday hours, and its beautiful blue water flowing in its willow-fringed bed and finally dashing in successive leaps into the lower depths, making several beautiful cataracts, one of which I regard as the most exquisite waterfall in the world. As a consequence it is destined to be one of the great attractions of travelers from all parts of the world. It will ultimately be as great an allurement as the Yosemite, the Yellowstone and the Natural Caves of Virginia and Luray. Already an electric railroad is being projected into its mysterious depths. At present travelers leave the Grand Canyon railway (which is a branch of the Santa Fe Transcontinental line), at Bass station, four miles south of the Bright Angel Hotel. Mr. Bass provides conveyances which take one

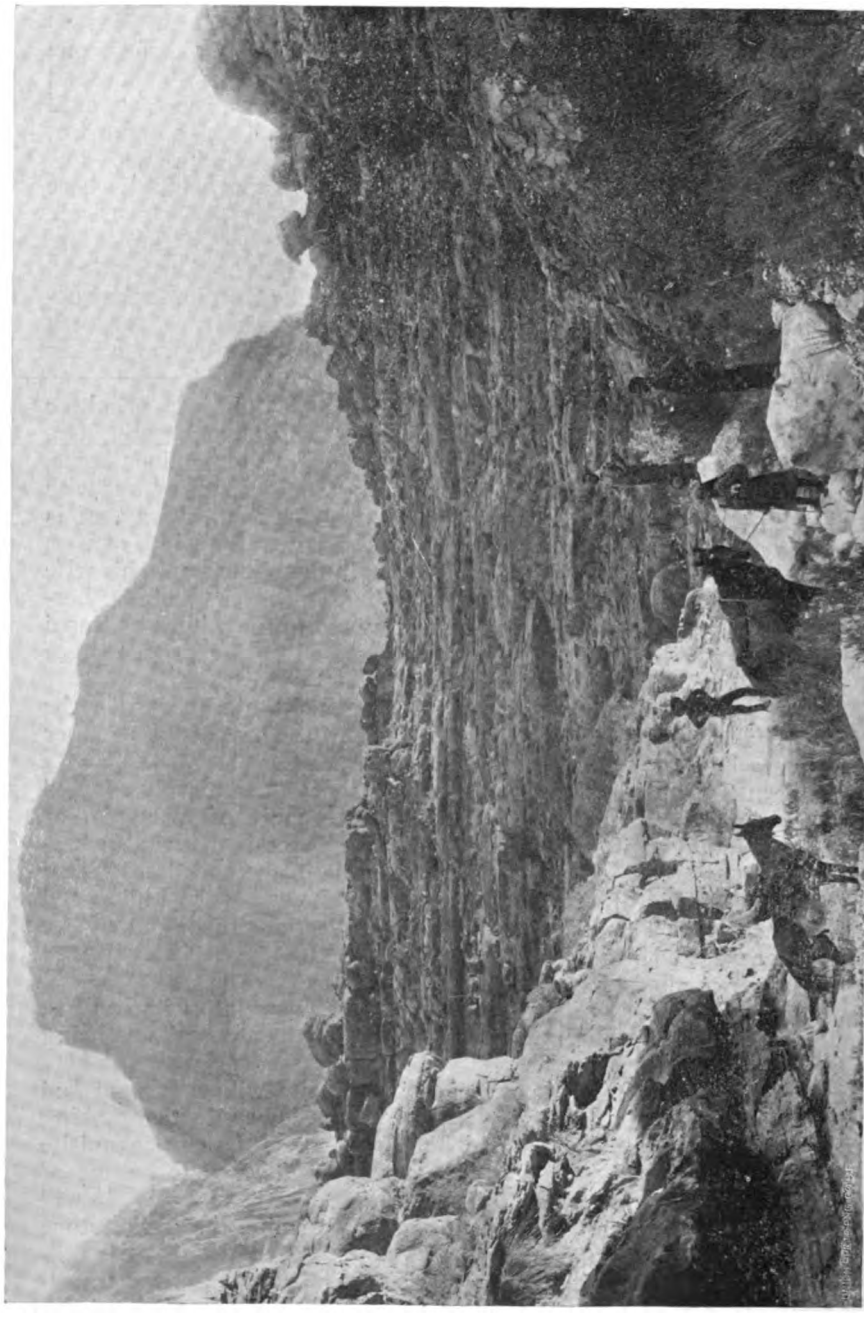


FIG. 22. ON THE TOPOCOBYA TRAIL, DESCENDING HAVASU CANYON.

to the head of the Topocobya trail, and from thence on saddle animals the remaining part of the journey is made to the Havasupai village and waterfalls.

There are five falls in all, occurring in the following order: Havasupai, Navaho, Bridal Veil, Mooney and Beaver. The last three are the most important, Bridal Veil being regarded as one of the most beautiful waterfalls in the world. It is about one hundred and seventy feet high, and five hundred feet broad, but this space is not entirely covered with water. The edge is so broken up that the water dashes over the precipice in a large number of streams, and, falling upon several different ledges, is again broken into a dashing spray, which, light and feathery, again leaps into the air. The general effect is indescribably beautiful.

Mooney Falls, one mile farther down, is a much higher cataract, but the water falls in an undivided stream. It gets its name from an unfortunate miner, who, in trying to descend a rope ladder to the bottom of the falls, fell, and was dashed to pieces.

Beaver Falls are about four miles farther down the canyon, and receive their name from the large number of beavers that used to be at work in the stream close by.

By recent survey of this region, it has been found that these falls are not included in the Havasupai reservation. It is to be hoped, however, that, before it is too late, this canyon, its waterfalls and surroundings, will be made into a National Park, forever and inalienably to belong to the people.

In my book "In and Around the Grand Canyon" I devote a chapter to "An Adventure in Beaver Canyon," which was the result of an endeavor to visit the junction of Havasu Creek with the main Colorado River. That endeavor was a failure. In September, 1901, I went by a different route and succeeded, and the following is an account of that trip, written in the open air at the camp of my Indian friend and brother, Chic-a-pan-a-gi, on our return.

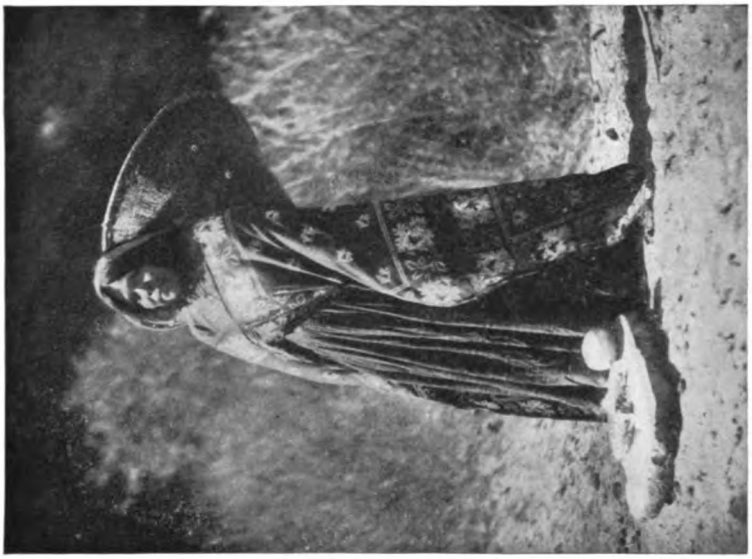


FIG. 24. HAVASUPAI WOMAN CARRYING CORN IN KATHAK. METATE AT HER FEET.

FIG. 23. THE HOME OF THE HAVASUPAIS.

THE JUNCTION OF THE HAVASU CREEK AND THE COLORADO RIVER.

Ever since I first saw the Grand Canyon and the beautiful waters of the Havasu I have desired to stand at the point of junction and watch the clear, pellucid waters of the one flow into the turgid, muddy waters of the other. I was assured also that, whether seen from above or below, the sight would be a majestic and grand one, for wherever a side canyon enters the main gorge of the Grand Canyon, there one is pretty certain to have revealed to him one of the stupendous views of the world.

Accordingly I had tried, again and again, to reach this point. My earlier efforts were as futile as my later ones,—those that I best remember. I questioned Havasupai Indians and "knowing" white men, and, in my guilelessness, believed them when they told me to go this way or that, but always had some excuse which prevented their going with me. One white man was bold enough to have faith in his own statements, and we started to go down Havasu Canyon below Mooney Falls. We lowered ourselves with ropes down by the old ladder that was built to enable his friends to descend and perform the last office of burial for poor Mooney after his fatal descent of the rope, and then began to force our way through the dense mass of willows, vines and undergrowth that lined the course of the stream. Half an hour of this proved its futility. We should never reach "Hackataia"—as the Grand Canyon is called by the Havasus—if we went at that slow rate of speed, so we took to the water. Here, owing to the singular sediment which hardens on touching tree twigs, etc., when exposed to the air, the whole course of the stream is made up of pools, some large, some small, generally deep, the walls of which have been slowly built up as are the terraced walls of the geysers in the Yellowstone Park. We swam from pool to pool, half clothed as we were, wearing our shoes to protect our feet from injury. Down we went. Every rod meant weariness, for it was work of the hardest kind, in that enervating moist heat, to swim across a pool, then pull one's self out, walk perhaps a few steps on the precarious foothold of the yielding pool's edge and then dive into the next pool. Sometimes our way out of a pool was barred by dense vegetable growth, then we had to seek a fresh way and climb up the steep talus of the main wall and thus get around the difficulty. After three or four miles of this we were both so wearied out that my companion positively refused to go further. We had no food, and I was as exhausted as he, so discretion for us became the better part of our valor, and we returned.

Two years ago I started down with a Havasupai Indian, Waluthama, as my guide, and the result of that attempt forms a rather interesting chapter in my book on the Grand Canyon, for it looked at one time, as there stated, as if my explorings were about to end in a wretched and miserable manner. We were caught like "rats in a trap," and only after herculean labors did we make our escape.

Some time prior to this attempt an old Indian, Uta, had warned me that no Havasupai knew the trail to the junction of Havasu with

Hackataia. Some day *he* would take me! When Waluthama returned after our unsuccessful endeavor, Uta repeated his caution in a quiet and rather *sub-rosa* manner, and I then came to the conclusion that he was studying up the trail so that he would "some day" be enabled to take me.

This "some day" came on my last visit, in September, 1901. I had no sooner declared my intention of remaining in the village for a couple of weeks or so than Burro Bill (who had been one of the "smart" Indians who could tell me how to go, but who could not be prevailed upon, even by high pay, to guide me) came and assured me that Uta could take me to the desired spot. A bargain was made with him, and feeling assured that this time I was dealing with a man whose principal could accomplish what he undertook, I made the arrangement that if I did not see "Hackataia and Havasu together" I was not to pay. As he expressed it, "No see, no pay!"

When Uta assured me he had found a trail and could take me there and back in *hawag smadjika*—two sleeps—I went up to the Indian school and suggested to the temporary superintendent and teacher, Miss Flora Gregg, and the housekeeper, Mrs. Kelleher, that I should be most happy to have them accompany me on what I felt would become a memorable and historic trip. We were accompanied part of the way by Supervisor Herman and Range Rider Alexander of the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve, and, as at least fifteen of the young men of the village came on their ponies to see us start and filed after us for a mile or two, we presented quite an imposing processional. After passing Uta's "hawa," which is the last house of the Havasupai Village, we soon came to Navaho Falls. Then shortly after paid our tributes of appreciation to Bridal Veil, one of the most exquisitely beautiful waterfalls of the world. A little over a mile further on we parted with Messrs. Herman and Alexander at Mooney Falls, and then went on alone—we four—Uta, the two ladies and I—to the junction of Beaver Canyon with Havasu Canyon. This is a side canyon, almost as deep, and much more narrow than that of the Havasu. The walls are literally precipitous, and in many places so deep that not a ray of direct sunshine has ever penetrated the depths since the canyon was formed. Almost at the junction are Beaver Falls, not so high, but almost as beautiful as Bridal Veil. They are in two distinct parts, indeed are entitled to be called by two separate names. The first falls are formed by the whole of the stream flowing to the south side of the canyon and then falling northward in the same beautiful, picturesque and broken manner that Bridal Veil does. Then in perhaps fifty feet the stream turns again westward and another falls is made, twice or thrice as high as the first one, which must be fully twenty feet high. From the height above, however, of fully 1,000 to 1,500 feet, it is not easy to give an accurate and detailed description. I doubt if many of my readers can form an adequate and true idea of marble walls as high as this, and so precipitous that in a dozen places one might ride along on a trail so close to the edge that he could distinctly see the stream flowing in the depths beneath. A hundred such places indeed could be found. Except in the walls of the Marble and Little Colorado Canyons I know of no walls so high and steep as are these.

The day was frightfully hot as we slowly rode along. Our trail

was on the sloping talus that had fallen from the cliffs above, there being cliffs on each side of us fully as high as the inner canyon walls were below us. All these walls and masses of rock radiated the heat. There was scarcely any wind, and what there was came as hot as from an oven. A dog that had accompanied us lay down under a rock, gasping, and next day when we returned we found him dead. Few people can realize the intense heat generated in this shut-in rocky place. Our horses panted and grew gaunter each mile we journeyed. The first shade we came to we halted, and, although we were but ten miles from the ever flowing, beautiful waters of the Havasu (that is, where they were accessible), we were dependent for water on the supply we had brought in our canteens and the possibility of a water hole in the rocks known to Uta. The poor horses and burros had to wait until later. We boiled the water and made cocoa, and, in the rocky bed of the head of Beaver Canyon, spread a blanket as a table cloth and ate our meal. Then, repacking our burro, we pushed on, rounded Beaver Canyon, found an alkali spring nearby where our animals drank their fill, and soon were retracing our steps within a quarter of a mile of where we had journeyed all afternoon, but then going in the opposite direction. The frightfully precipitous walls of Beaver Canyon were between us and the afternoon's trail. Up to this point we had had a well defined, indeed, a well built trail. Certain miners had constructed it for packing out ore, and Uta had occasionally done a little work on it, but now we were on a pure Indian trail—that is, a trail which was mainly in the mind of the Indian. Uta took the lead, and with almost unerring judgment led us around rocks, under them, over them, by them. There were rocks of every kind, shape, size and appearance, some of them boulders big enough to supply a contractor with stone sufficient to build a six storied city house. We rode until it was too dark to go further, then, in the best place we could find,—and few could have been much worse for making camp—took off the pack from our burro, unsaddled the horses, spread out our blankets and prepared to spend the night. Our very simple repast was placed on a notched side of a vast boulder and we stood and ate. Then Uta, begging a match, lighted ten or a dozen large bunches of amole which flamed up with a brilliancy that lit up the canyon walls for a long space around. This he did, he said with much sign language, to keep off the mosquitoes and black flies. Strange that the former should be found here, yet they are found in the few water pockets that are undoubtedly harbored in the depths of Beaver Canyon.

Before the stars had disappeared in the morning we were astir, had breakfast, and resumed our journey. It was delicious traveling in the cool of the morning, though we now had to add the dodging of cat's claws to our other varied achievements. These great vegetable devil-fishes which send up their gigantic arms ten, fifteen, twenty and more feet in the air, bear a strong resemblance to their ocean prototypes. They look like immense tentacles waving in the air, as the tentacles of the octopus wave in the ocean. These are covered with beautiful green leaves, which, however, are but the "velvet" that hides numberless sharp thorns that penetrate clothing and even shoes if one carelessly passes by. All at once a shriek from Mrs. Kelleher set my heart going pit-a-pat. "A snake! A rattlesnake! He's there, near my burro's

head." Jack didn't seem to mind; perhaps he didn't see the reptile, but he was duly backed out of danger while Mrs. Kelleher dismounted. In a few moments I was there, and could clearly hear the warning rattle kept up incessantly, but could not see the snake. A few moments' search revealed him under a rock. Then for a few minutes I teased and played with him, finally holding his mouth open and compelling him to strike again and again with his curiously formed but deadly vicious fangs. Folded up in his upper jaw, they are so hinged that they drop down when he strikes and thus penetrate from above, at the same time injecting the poison from the gland which works simultaneously with the unhinging of the fangs.

As we rode on the difficulties of our way increased. Uta's trail instinct did not always lead him correctly, though he made comparatively

FIG. 25. A GLIMPSE OF BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, HAVASU CANYON.

few mistakes. It was wofully monotonous work; in and out of small "draws" or the heads of tiny ravines, down ridges, over them, all the time on the talus of the red sandstone cliff to our left. I could write a very vivid account of this part of our ride and make it exceedingly thrilling, without stretching the truth much, either. To one unused to such work it would have seemed as if almost every step our horses took we periled our lives. Indeed, to quote from the lecture I intend to give on the subject, "Each step seemed to add to our dangers. Our lives were in our hands and our hearts in our mouths, our feet in our boots and our boots in our stirrups; that is, when the up or down jerks of our horses as they bobbed over the rocks, permitted us to keep them there." During all this journeying the canyon to our right was becoming deeper. The flow of water of the centuries had cut down the rocks and now the depths were perfectly appalling. Wearily on we went. Pluckily the ladies stood the heat and lack of water, for, by now, our canteens were almost empty. Lips were cracked, mouths parched, tongues dry, but our spirits were good, for Uta told us we should soon be there. At last, after many more windings and twistings, we made a turn and I

could clearly see a red wall in shadow outlined against a bright wall beyond. A trained eye needed no further assurance that there was the entrance of some side canyon. "Hakataia!"—the Grand Canyon—said Uta, and so in less than an hour we found it to be. We got one good glimpse of the junction at the spot where we left our horses, and then walking on over the talus, we arrived at the point exactly over the spot where to our right were the muddy waters of the Colorado, and the inflowing clear, beautiful, blue waters of the Havasu, and to the left the red, dirty, turgid Colorado which had already absorbed and made equally dirty with itself the pure, sweet current of the Havasu. The great Colorado was in walls of precipitous depth far greater than I had ever seen them before; equally precipitous but far deeper than in Marble Canyon, and in those portions of the canyon reached by the ordinary trails there is nothing but the narrow side gorges in the marble—red wall limestone—that would suggest this deep, gloomy, marvelous aisle, at the bottom of which flows the wonderful stream. It describes a regular, graceful curve at this point, flowing almost due south from the right. The Havasu enters exactly at the arc of the curve from east to west, and its walls are as steep and deep as those of the Colorado. At the very waterway itself the walls seem to be simply cut into to allow the water to flow—a narrow chute through which the Havasu empties itself, a clear, pellucid stream, into the foul Colorado,—a pure, sweet maiden giving herself into the arms of an impure, wicked man. Far above us we could follow the strata of the walls: the cherty limestone, the crowning stratum, then the cross-bedded sandstone, the two layers of red sandstone, and the red wall limestone, which latter formed the main wall of the canyon in which the river flowed. Below this could be seen a few feet (ten or twenty) of the pre-carboniferous, and in this actually flowed the river. To the right, as far as the eye could see, there was a rapid, and another roared just below the entrance of Havasu, otherwise the stream was as lazy and dirtily placid as at the Needles or Yuma.

After gazing our fill of the grandeur and sublimity of the scene we started back. It was a wearisome ride. Our water was all gone before we reached a welcome water pocket, and then we climbed down to it and drank and drank, and then drank again. When the others had satisfied themselves and gone on I climbed down to the very edge of the water, my foothold being very slight, and while pouring the water in cupfuls over my head lost my balance and fell in. The water was above my knees. It was a delicious fall, and how I enjoyed the involuntary bath. Even after I fell I drank more of the water and continued to pour it over my head. Then I sat on a nearby rock and tilted my feet higher than my head. The result was the water ran up my back. There was one good effect to it, however, and that was that when I mounted my horse, the cold water cooled my saddle which had become very hot in the scorching sun. In half an hour or less I was perfectly dry.

That night, after rounding the head of Beaver Canyon, we camped at its junction with the Havasu and slept to the accompaniment of the roar of Beaver Falls. An early ride in the cool of the next morning brought us safely and happily back to the Havasupai village, with the assurance that as soon as our fatigue was forgotten we should renew

again and again the memories of the grandeur and sublimity of the sight we had witnessed. For dwellers in cities who confine themselves to artificial spectacles are unaware of the keen delight nature-lovers

FIG. 26. MOONEY FALLS, HAVASU CANYON.

experience out in the wilds. I have enjoyed great civic parades in many of the world's capitals; have stood and gazed in delight upon arches of triumph and colonnades crowned with statues of victory: I have drunk in the gorgeous spectacles of many world's expositions, and seen the

masterpieces of architecture of the old world, and yet I am free to confess not any or all of these excite in me the deep emotions of soul that I feel when I stand before these masterpieces of the Divine, these

FIG. 27. BRIDAL VEIL FALLS—"One of the most beautiful waterfalls in the world."

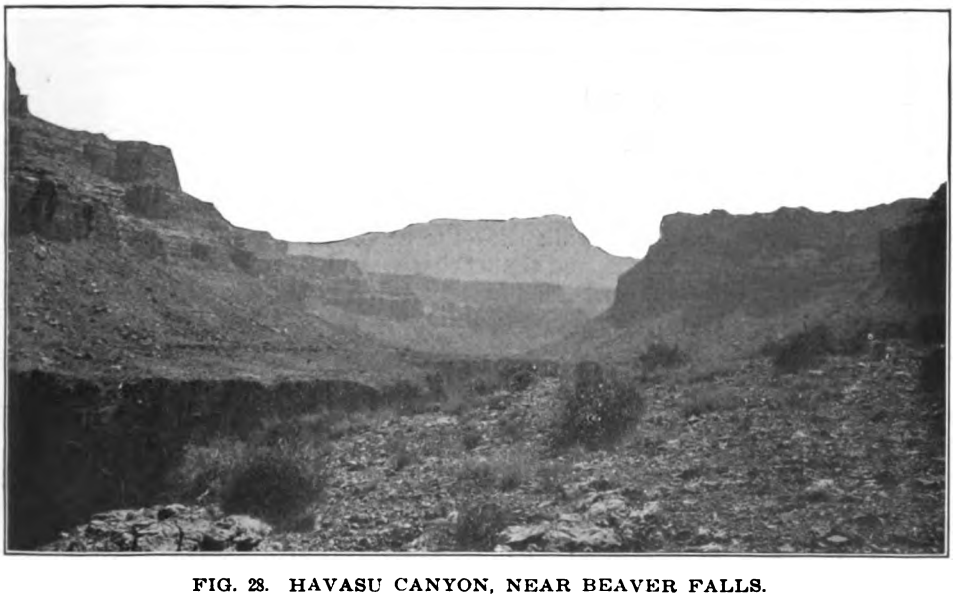


FIG. 28. HAVASU CANYON, NEAR BEAVER FALLS.

walls built by the Master Builder, colored by the Master Artist, sculptured by the Master Fingers and set in such sublimity, majesty and grandeur that they unconsciously bring one's soul nearer to the Great Maker of it all.

APACHE.

He was twenty years old and a Havasupai Indian. He was dull-faced, heavy-witted, dirty, and, being an Indian, of course had no sentiment in his make-up. How could he have? His father was Rock Jones, the leading charlatan, commonly called medicine man, of his tribe, and he himself knew little or nothing but what he saw in the circumscribed home of his tiny race of people. I remember him best as a little lad, more than half naked, shy, yet full of boisterous fun when he thought the white man with the black beard was not looking at him. His great, black, liquid eyes were then full of sparkle and light, very different from the same eyes that looked so solemnly at the stranger when he came to have a pow-wow with his father.

Apache's people did not offer him much excitement. They were not warlike. They had few dances; only one regular dance when the peaches and corn were ripe, and an occasional "katchinga" when a few Hopis came to visit or trade with them from the mesa pueblos to the east. Of late years there had been few hunting trips, for the white man had made laws saying that only in a certain short season of the year could any one—whether white man or Indian—go hunting, and how was an Indian to understand such laws as that? His only sports were an occasional game of shinny; a horse race; a quiet game called Hui-ta-kwi-chi-ka; now and again, when he and his friends had money, an exciting gamble with cards, and, best of all, an almost daily plunge during the hot weather into the waters of the Havasu—the Blue Water—from which his people gain their name. It was a rather quiet, uneventful life, yet he was used to it, and enjoyed it, and did not contemplate with calmness the few words he had heard that suggested he might soon have to leave it.

For a new boarding school had been established at Truxton Canyon, on the reservation of the Wallapais—the people of the tall pines—the cousins of the Havasupais, and the teacher was urging Apache's father to send him to the new school. In vain Rock Jones told the teacher that this was contrary to the agreement made years ago by the big Kohot, Navaho, with the chief sent from Washington, that if the Havasupais agreed to the establishment of a school on their reservation and promised regularly to send their children to it, they should not be asked to spare them to go to any outside school. The teacher still urged. He could not help it. He was being urged. The boarding school must have its full quota. The Havasupais must send some children to help fill up. The agent at Truxton knew nothing of the agreement made years ago. Few did, except the Havasupais, and they were only rude, brutal, ignorant savages. They couldn't be believed. Where was the record of such an agreement? Did they have a certified and signed copy of it? Then "Such agreement didn't exist, except in their own ignorant, savage minds. Send the children along anyhow, agreement or no agreement. Our time is too valuable to waste it in palavering with a lot of half-naked Indians." So the teacher urged, then insisted,

and finally commanded, and Apache was told he must get ready to leave Havasu Chickimimi—the Canyon of the Blue Water—and go to school at Truxton.

Why should he object to go? What could he want, so earnestly, to remain in Havasu for? His sadness and tears were sullenness and obstinacy.

He was merely throwing obstacles in the way of the school work, and he was very forcefully told that "that kind of nonsense couldn't be tolerated, and he would pretty soon get it all knocked out of him when he reached Truxton." This only added to his dread. There was no kindly hearted person to affectionately take him aside and tell him all about it, and reason with him, and show him what advantages might come to him if he went to school and learned all that would there be taught to him. No! Why should any one take that trouble? He was too ragged and dirty, and then, anyhow, he was an Indian, a savage, and could never be "good" until he was "dead." Poor Apache!

In the meantime the agent at Truxton wanted to know what was the occasion of the delay. He was told it was because of Apache's reluctance—only the teacher called it savage obstinacy. So that when Apache did reach Truxton, broken-hearted at leaving his father and mother, his sisters and the young brother whose tiny fingers had wrapped themselves completely around his heart that very first day after he was born, his reputation had preceded him and he was received as an obstructionist, a hostile, one who preferred savagery and barbarism to all the advantages of our glorious civilization. Poor Apache!

But, after all, he was a thoughtful lad, and reasonably fond of learning things he didn't know. He tried hard, in school, to please his teachers, and slowly began to retrieve his good name

Then the news came from home that his beloved younger brother was sick.

Apache was distressed. Strings pulled hard at his heart, and he lay awake at nights longing tc go to Havasu and see that sick brother. When the roar of the trains passing the school at night awoke him he cried bitterly, but in quietness, at the difference between that and the babbling noise of the Havasu as it dashed along between the rows of willows, telling what it would say to the desert lands in California of the place of its birth in the majestic rocks of Havasu Canyon.

Another letter came. His brother was worse, and the teacher in Havasu, at the earnest request of his father, had asked permission for Apache to have thirty days' leave of absence to come home.

"Thirty days' leave of absence to go home!" Apache's heart bounded with joy at the thought.

But the agent sternly told him that he must return to his studies, without fail, at the end of the thirty days.

It was a long way to Havasu, and part of the journey was across the desert. He took train to Seligman, and cared nothing whether he had food or water for the rest of that arduous journey. He was going home! True, his brother was sick and that made him feel sad, but they would soon see each other, and that would be good for them both; good for Apache as well as the sick boy.

In due time he reached home, wearied out but happy. It was a hard trip, but he was home! Who can describe the meeting? Who

would have understood it, of the white race, had they seen it? There was no wild clasping of each other; no vehement kisses; no voluble words. No, it was just a few glances, and a few quiet and almost unseen clasps of the hands. Yet *they* knew, *they* felt, *they* understood.

Did the sick brother speedily get well? Alas, no! Even Apache's love could not keep back the stealthy march of the dreaded foe of Indian and white man alike. Death in visible form came and there was loud wailing, in voices deep and low, and voices shrill and high, from the hawa of Apache's father. Apache himself felt a grief too deep for loud wailing. In silence and solitude he wept. He visited the places made sacred to him, where, in the happy gone-by days, he had played with his brother. Then the day came when the cold body of this brother was buried. That was a sad day. Soon the body would disappear. The soul of his brother had already started on its journey to the under-world of rest. Day after day, poor, broken-hearted Apache went to the places that had formerly seen his happiness, and he quietly wept and proclaimed his loneliness and sorrow.

His thirty-day leave of absence rapidly stole away. If Apache thought at all of it, no one knows. If he did it was, perhaps, merely to feel: "Surely they cannot send me back to school when I am so broken-hearted. They will certainly let me weep my fill, then I will go back, even though I dread to do so." Perhaps he thought—for he was only an ignorant Indian: "They will not send me back to school when they remember that my loved brother grew sick while I was there before. I have another brother. If I go back, he may get sick."

His thirty days expired. The teacher learned he was still in Havasu. He sent for him and with reproaches bade him return to Truxton.

And now I tell the story as it was repeated to me in half English by "Burro Bill" and Captain Jim, two Havasupais who knew my interest in all pertaining to "mine own people." Apache's Indian name was Ja-a-drum-ya. When I asked Bill to tell me this name he replied with that singular reversal of pronouns that none but an Indian can grasp: "You can't tell me!" of course meaning: "I can't tell you!" "Havasupai no like 'em dead name. You tell 'em, make 'em heap mad, and Havasupai hear 'em, he heap cry."

The teacher's name at Havasu is Shelton, but it is changed, in Bill's speech, into Selzon.

Mr. Selzon he say to Ja-a-drum-ya, "You stay one month; you go back Truxton."

He say: "I no want go back again. I like to stay here. I got another little brother. He like go Truxton. He go. I live Supai."

But Mr. Selzon, he say, "I no change 'em. You, Apache, go back Truxton, your brother stay and go to school here."

Apache he go home, and he stay there. He go to work. He plow. Bye 'em bye Havasupai policeman he come: "What you do there? You go back Truxton heap quick."

Apache, he says: "I go work."

Policeman, he say, "You go Mr. Selzon; you go school house pretty quick, to-day. You come with me, go now."

So the policeman and Apache go to school house and Mr. Selzon he heap mad. He say to Apache, "You go to Truxton pretty quick. You no stay here any longer. You go to-day."

Apache he say: "I no got 'em horse yet," he says.

Mr. Selzon he say: "When you come you get leave thirty days. Thirty days all gone. I tell you yesterday. I get mad you no go pretty quick."

Apache say: "I go find 'em horses to-day. I go to-morrow morning."

"No!" Mr. Selzon say: "You heap slow. You no catch 'em horses at all. You go to-day. You walk. I like 'em no more talk."

Apache he go back Rock Jones camp. He tell Rock Jones what Mr. Selzon say and he tell Rock Jones: "I no walk Seligman. If I walk, I no drink, no eat, I get die."

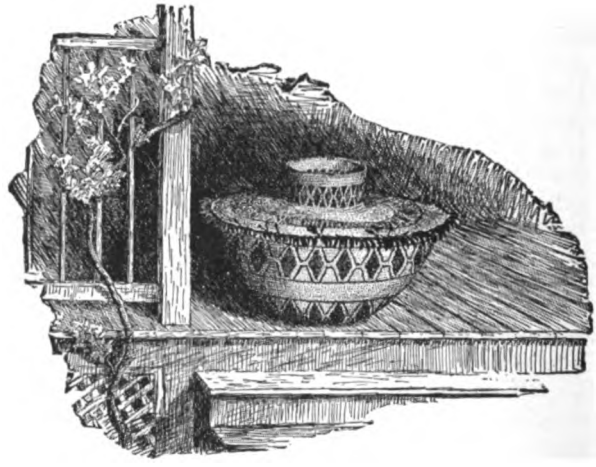
Rock Jones he say: "You no walk. You ride. I give 'em you my work horses and I send Ma-tu-i with you. He go Seligman and bring back horses. You catch 'em train cars and go Truxton."

Bye and bye they go. Ma-tu-i he go first. Apache he come after. He cry all 'a time. They go up Wallapai trail. Ma-tu-i he go a little fast. Apache he go slow. He no like Ma-tu-i see him cry. Ma-tu-i he catch 'em hill top. Apache he no come. Ma-tu-i he go as far as surveyor's camp. He look back, and may be so one mile, may be so half a mile he see Apache. He come slow! Ma-tu-i he go on and he go down little canyon and up other side. When he get hill top he look back and Apache no come. He sit down and wait, may be so twenty minutes. Apache no come. Ma-tu-i look 'em all 'a time and Apache he no come all 'a time. He wait may be so an hour, and bye and bye he say 'may be so Apache lost 'em horse. He go walk. He go after him. So Ma-tu-i he ride back. When he come back not far from hill top he see 'em Apache's horse. He go dead. He lie down shot. Ma-tu-i heap scared, and he go little further, may be so a hundred yards, and behind a chim-i-woi-a bush he see 'em Apache's hat. He get off him horse, and then he see Apache's hand all bloody. Then he see Apache's face and head all blown to pieces and his gun by his side with his foot against the trigger. Apache he sit 'em down and take 'em gun in his hands and hold him to him face, and pull trigger with his foot, and he go dead heap quick. As soon as Ma-tu-i see him he cry. He come to Havasupai heap pretty quick. He tell 'em people. He tell 'em Mr. Selzon. Mr. Selzon he say: "You go tell people at Grand Canyon hotel and they telegraph United States marshal and agent at Truxton." Bye 'em by Pu-chil-o-wa (the Wallapai interpreter from the Truxton school) he come and he have big council with Havasupais. Mr. Clapp he down there. (Mr. Clapp and Dr. Harper were two gentlemen interested in some mining operations on or near the Havasupai reservation.) Mr. Clapp he come down Wallapai trail and he see Apache, and Mr. Selzon he go meet him there. And Dr. Harper he come and four white men see Apache. Mr. Selzon he say: "What you think? Did Apache kill himself, or did Injian kill him?" Mr. Clapp and Dr. Harper they say: "We look and we no see 'em tracks, no see 'em horse tracks, no see 'em nothing, Injian he no kill. Apache he kill himself. Mr. Selzon he say: "Too bad," he says; "heap good boy. Him brother die two weeks ago. He cry all 'a time. Now he get dead. Poor boy."

With deep grief the Havasupais brought dry wood, heaped it under and over the corpse, and soon the smoke carried away the spirit of poor Apache from this "vale of woe and tears" to begin its journey to the

Havasupai heaven. Suicide with Indians is rare, far rarer than would appear to the reader of this story. I know of no other motives ever prompting an Indian to self-destruction than horror at crime committed, and great and overwhelming grief. Had Apache been permitted to remain near the scenes hallowed to him by his brother until his grief was assuaged, he would undoubtedly have gone back to school of his own accord, but to force him back before that period of wailing was over, was a great cruelty to him, no less severe that it was perpetrated unknowingly by those guilty of it.

And now the Havasupais are bitter against the Truxton school. The curse of suicide rests upon it—in their minds, and parents say: "We no want 'em our boy, our gel, go school at Truxton any more. May be so he no want to go. He kill himself. He go dead pretty quick. We like 'em stay at Havasu."



THE BASKET

THE ORGAN OF THE BASKET FRATERNITY.

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GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, Editor.

TO ALL LOVERS OF INDIAN BASKETRY AND OTHER GOOD THINGS.

Beloved! A mutual tie binds us together. We are as diverse in thought, perhaps, on some things as we are in birth, education, and work, yet a common enthusiasm unites us. We are enthusiasts and sentimentalists and not only do not deny it, but glory in it. For what is an enthusiast? *En theos*—in God, or God in—one in whom God dwells, or who dwells in God. One who feels the stirrings of the restless, irresistible, ever-working, almighty God. Is this a thing to be ashamed of? To shrink from believing that God is moving within us? As well may the sea shrink from the hand which stirs and moves it to its highest majesty; the rose from the painter who colors it; the perfumer who scents it; the sky at sunset from the artist who glorifies it; and the spheres from the heavenly mechanist who moves and controls them. Nay! let us glory in our enthusiasm, revel in the sentiment that helps make more real the facts of man's brotherhood and solidarity and God's fatherhood and helpfulness.

It will be contended by some that we are enthusiastic over small things—mere Indian baskets, the perishable work of a fast passing away race. To the superficial all things seem small. The thoughtless little imagine what great things are enthroned in little things. It takes a wise man to determine which of two seeds is that of the parsnip and that of the Sequoia Gigantea, the largest tree known to man, yet from the one grows the vegetable of the moment and the other the tree of ten thousand years. The "practically wise" sees only folly in the work of the kite-flying enthusiast. The reverent and faithful sees a possibility which Marconi is but beginning to reveal to us. Is it a small thing that a love for Indian Basketry will teach us to be more respectful to a people whom we have robbed of their ancestral homes;

that it will teach us to reverse our former rude and brutal judgments as to their usefulness in life; that it will teach us gratitude for what they did on our behalf, and sympathy for the darkness out of which they groped their way and the light they made to shine on our lives? Is it a little thing to have our conceit and overwhelming vanity brought to the dust? For conceit and vanity are national cancers and canker-worms that will eat away the healthful life of a nation quicker than intemperance and sensuality. Is it a little thing for us to be brought back to a study of Nature; taught to love Nature; brought back to an intimacy with the only source of full, true, pure inspiration that will never fail, can never be exhausted, and will never become worn, effete and old? Is it a little thing to be sent back to first causes, and learn to remodel our ideas on correct and infallible models and thus educate ourselves into the highest, the best, the truest, the everlasting? Is it a little thing to have the "jim-crackery" of mere conventionalism ruthlessly exposed and held up to ridicule and final rejection? If these things be little things, then I know of nothing large, and all these are an inevitable result of a real and thorough study of the handicraft of the Americans. Hence as the Originator and First Brother of this Basket Fraternity I feel a deep sense of responsibility. I foresaw it when I determined to ask for co-workers and co-sympathisers. I gladly and thankfully placed my back ready to receive the burden if a sufficient number wished me to assume it. There has been no royal birth for our Fraternity; no fanfare of trumpets or loud declarations have advertised it. Faithful work of a few has made it possible, and it will not grow beyond a small and modest membership.

In this very limitation is one of the greatest charms of the Basket Fraternity. I was once asked to address a Browning Club of a "few friends." When I reached the place of meeting, the rain was pouring down upon a wooden roof where an assemblage of say a thousand people was gathered together. Imagine reading and talking Browning under such conditions. You cannot yell *Rabbi Ben Ezra* in the face of a thunder storm to a large crowd. I had a very trying hour and was glad when it was over. When I read Browning I like to have just a handful of receptive men and women,—people whose souls are ready to listen and absorb, and to whom a whisper, an inflection, is all that is necessary to convey a potent change of thought. And in Indian Basketry I feel the same. I want a small audience, whose hearts are all ready to listen. A sympathising Brotherhood who will not need to be aroused to attention, but who are all ready to listen to one of their own number whose guidance for a short time and in this limited field they have requested.

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There are baskets and baskets, and the leader has a basket in which useless ideas and trash of all sorts are thrown. That is his *waste* basket. But he also has a *creative* basket; a place in which ideas are made, and from which he draws them now and again. It is his intention in this printed quarterly *Basket* to place some of these ideas. The columns in which they will be placed will be entitled *The Primus Frater's Basket.*

According to the value of these ideas to you they will be transferred to your Think-Basket or your waste paper or Trash Basket. Each

mind will select its own. To the political economist of the Adam Smith School, John Ruskin wrote mostly for the trash basket. The later and truer school of economists are now finding stores of highest value in the cast-out material of the earlier school. So I offer with sincere humility, yet with a firm conviction and belief in its essentially fundamental character, the outpourings of my think-basket.

* * * * * * *

We are in the inception stage of what will ere long be known as the Indian renaissance period. Basketry, pottery, blanketry, bead work, carving, simple handicraft in every department are taking us back to primitive inspirations, primitive methods. We, with our complex mentality and civilization, are now groping to comprehend what enabled the Amerind, with his simple mentality and civilization, to produce such marvellous examples of shape, design, weave, harmony of color, usefulness and artistic excellence. There seems to be a prophetic insight sometimes in the foolish catch lines of our popular songs. Recently one of these catch lines, which has not yet lost its vogue, is "Go way back and sit down." And it is in perfect seriousness that I commend this word to all students of latter-day handicraft. Go way back—to primitive days. Watch the ignorant aborigine, groping from darkness into the misty light of early morning. For him it was a long, long night; a night of weary struggle for mere animal existence. It will do you good to "sit down" and study what he accomplished in those days of primeval darkness. Sit down to your study. Don't hurry; don't let your investigations be cursory; merely perfunctory and listless; seek to know, to absorb, to feel what he had to struggle through to attain for himself, and thus for you. It seems to me we at least owe this as a debt of gratitude to the Amerind to study what he gained for us in his struggles against primitive limitations.

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Wherein lies the charm of this old basketry, blanketry and pottery? To me the chief answer is found in the word "individualism." In the very nature of aboriginal art the artist was an individualist—she had no books, no training, little intercourse with artists, slight artistic environments. Perforce she was thrown upon her own resources of thought for shape and design, and her own activities for the material for active creation. She was designer—artist and maker—artisan, of very necessity. And not only of the immediate object of her skill, but also of the very materials which she employed. She found her own wood, was her own "hewer," was her own experimenter, discovered and made and used her own dyes, and in every item, the first as well as the last, did all the preparatory work necessary ere the basket or blanket could be begun.

* * * * * * *

It is my intention in each number of *The Basket* to present an Indian character story, written with a view to revealing the Indian as I know him to be. The stories are all true. They are of facts that have either come under my own cognizance or have been related to me by trustworthy persons. As this number contains a great deal of reference to the Havasupais the story is of a Havasupai boy whom I have called Apache, and whom I have known ever since he was a child.

In starting a new magazine like "The Basket" it was almost unavoidable that plans could mature only as they were set in motion. It was never expected that "How to Make Indian and Other Baskets" would occupy so many pages. The fact is I did not intend to write so elaborate a treatise upon the subject, but as I wrote, and as teachers begged me to treat on this part of the subject, and on the other, the pages grew and grew until the booklet came out as it did, and had to be made a double number.

In regard to the third bulletin, the original intention was to confine it almost entirely to pictures and descriptions of Living Indian Weavers. This is now deemed inadvisable. The contents will be of a much more varied character, but all, it is hoped, will be of general interest to the Fraters. For once in the history of magazine literature the readers can have as much to say about it as its conductor. I am but the Primus Frater in a body of Fraters. All have a voice, and no one will be to blame but yourselves if your desires (if deemed expedient) are not carried out in the next BASKET. So send them along. Send your suggestions, your questions, your difficulties, your achievements, and, above all, do not forget that if the Fraternity is to live and grow, and THE BASKET to continue, you must each one do a part in making both better known to the end of enlarging the list of Fraters. Get all you can to join. We must increase the Fraternity list before the issue of the next BASKET. What are you doing, dear friend, toward that end? Cannot you interest your friends and acquaintances and send us a long list of new Fraters? As an inducement we offer the following premiums:

For *two* new subscriptions we will send postpaid any one of George Wharton James's photographs named on the list published elsewhere. These are 6½x8½ in size and are very acceptable to all who are interested in the Indians of the Southwest.

For *ten* new subscriptions, a copy in cloth of "How to Make Indian and Other Baskets."

For *twenty* new subscriptions, a copy of either of the following: "Indian Basketry," Second Edition (which *does not* contain "How to Make Indian and Other Baskets"), or, "The Indians of the Painted Desert Region," which it is expected will be published in September.

For *twenty-five* new subscriptions, a copy of either "Indian Basketry," Third Edition, or "In and Around the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona."

For *fifty* new subscriptions we will send, express paid, a beautiful Pima, Havasupai or Mission Indian basket.

Any number of circulars and application blanks will be sent on request.

Address all communications,

THE BASKET FRATERNITY,
Station A, Pasadena, Calif.

BASKET PICTURES.

Has it ever occurred to the readers of THE BASKET how many and various are the uses to which the Basket is put? In "Indian Basketry" I have shown how much the basket meant to the Indian, and while we have substituted many utensils in our civilized life for the Indian's wicker-work counterpart we still use baskets in far more ways than, at first, one would imagine.

If one reads with this thought in view he will be surprised to find many references to the uses of the basket. For instance, to-day I find the two following references. The first is from Bayard Taylor's "Travels in California" and the other from the current number of the "Youth's Companion."

"After a ride of twenty-five miles without grass, water or sign of habitation, we stopped to rest at a ranche, in the garden of which I found a fine patch of grape vines, laden with flourishing bunches. We watered our mules with a basket of Indian manufacture, so closely plaited that scarcely a drop found its way through."

Imagine the scene. The courtly and poetic Taylor, whose writings have delighted many thousands of readers all over the world in his own and succeeding generations, carrying water to the mules (some of which he very graphically describes) in an Indian basket. Picture the Indian and his squaw looking on, and the keen-eyed, shy children peeping on from some safe retreat.

The next article from the "Companion" is

THE STOCKING BASKET.

"Mending stockings might well be thought a prosaic occupation, if not a dull one. The woman who sits down every week before twenty pairs, worn by active feet, big and little, often finds the pile discouraging, although she would not have it smaller by a single pair.

"But there is a curious, half-mysterious charm in the work. It is as if it typified all wifely and motherly duty. Even the maiden aunt, with a darning needle in her hand, has the air of a matron. The coziest corner in the house is most fit for the stocking-basket and its presiding genius. An incontestable verdict against a gorgeous palace recently built by a rich man was pronounced by a woman, herself both refined and rich: 'There isn't a spot in the whole house where I could darn a stocking!'

"It is amusing or pathetic, but true, that the modern stocking should have taken the place held by the medieval shield. To bide at home and polish the shield was then the sign of wifely devotion. The worn stocking may not lend itself so easily to the demands of poetry, but it is none the less a beautiful and appropriate symbol.

"There was a time within twenty years when it seemed as if stocking-mending were doomed. The needle was temporarily discarded. A clever writer, speaking of the fact, said it was the natural reaction from an age which worked wool parrots with beaded eyes to an age which hires outsiders to darn its stockings. But to-day the pendulum has swung back, and my lady presides over the stocking basket—whether it is filled with dainty Persian hose of silk, or with stout woolen socks, fit for tussle with thorn and wind and weather."

I have long thought it would be interesting to have a collection of pictures made by first class modern artists representing the various uses of the basket. I shall be glad, therefore, if all the readers of THE BASKET will assist in making this interesting collection and send whatever quotations they may find in which the writer gives a picture of the uses of a basket. We may then be able, perhaps, some day, to have these verbal pictures transformed upon canvas and placed in the National Home of the Basket Fraternity.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH.

Many of the ills that human flesh and soul are heir to come from an open mouth. Of many can it be said that "they never open their mouth save to put their foot in it." Books of Proverbs are full of sententious sayings handed down in all languages from all ages as to the wisdom of a shut mouth. Even Omega Oil Philosophy declares that "The Creator gave you two ears and only one tongue so that you could hear twice as much as you could talk." Holy Writ calls the tongue "an unruly member," and the Italians have a proverb: "A fool's voice is known by a multitude of words." The Spanish say: "If a man says little, he thinks the more."

But it is not to the shut mouth as the retainer of words that are best retained that I wish to refer. It is to the benefit the body derives from a shut mouth. This is a peculiarly Indian virtue. All Indians are taught from birth: "keep your mouth shut." If a baby is inclined to sleep with open mouth the mother ties it up. They know the benefit of a closed mouth. Sleeping out of doors, air should never enter the lungs that has not been warmed and filtered through the nostrils. The nose, not the mouth, is the organ of breathing. The breath "of life" is that which passes through the nostrils. Health, vigor, physical joy come with pure air, taken into the lungs in large quantities through the nostrils.

Until they were "civilized" and taught to live in our kind of houses, Indians knew nothing of lung or bronchial diseases. Their habits of keeping the mouth shut and living out of doors overcame their physical delinquencies in other directions, so they preserved their health and vigor. I have stood by the side of Hopi racers, darting with incredible speed for miles over the hot and yielding desert sand, and leaping up the steep trails to their seven hundred feet high mesa homes. How do they do it? Lung power, caused by continual exercise and keeping the lips closed. I've sent a Hopi on an errand of eighty-five miles over the desert, and he has made the round trip in a little over forty-six hours, running the whole distance on foot and carrying his provisions with him. Look at the lobes of the nostrils of a healthy Indian, and then at the width of the nostrils themselves. That wide nostril denotes great lung power, tremendous reserve. The lungs are the blood purifiers, and pure blood makes strong muscle, gives vim, strength, energy, and power. Pure blood means good digestion, clear brain, sweet breath, clean skin, wakeful eyes. With great lung capacity you can turn poor food into good blood, for the extra supply of oxygen burns up the bad

and sends the good coursing through the veins to give life, health, vigor and joy to every part of the body.

No man can have perfect lung power who breathes through the mouth. The nose is for breathing. Hence the Indian watchword, "shut your mouth." Show me a white man or woman with pinched nostrils, and I will show you an individual who lacks force, power, vim, health. On the contrary, show me the wide open flexible-nostriled individual, and I will show you a person capable of the highest physical development, all things else being equal.

A vast amount of misery, physical and avoidable, comes from an open mouth. Diseased lungs, bronchial tubes, tonsils and teeth. Mother, compel your baby, from the hour it is born, to breathe through its nostrils. If there is no physical obstruction it will be your fault if it breathes in any other way. If an obstruction is there have your physician remove it, then pinch the little darling's lips together until the habit of correct breathing is formed. Boy, girl, young man, young woman, breathe through your nostrils. Press your teeth firmly together and resolve, with determination, that you will breathe in no other way. Walk fast, run, run up hill with mouth tightly closed to compel nostril breathing. Then you will fairly feel the healthful life flowing into you and coursing through your veins. For he who takes in much air through his nostrils breathes in health, vigor, life, while he who breathes through his mouth takes in disease, languor, death.

USE YOUR BODY RATIONALLY.

While in the South recently I picked up The Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley, and passed many delightful hours in living with this eminent scientist the years of his pilgrimage as therein portrayed. But every now and then, and especially as I approached the end of the book, I could not help but feel a deep sadness for the physical suffering this giant-intellected being had to endure. Such suffering for such a man! What did it mean? That suffering is the common lot of man I am well aware, but that a man of highly endowed intellect, like Huxley, should thus have suffered, was to me irrational, unreasonable, unnecessary. Why then did it occur? Again and again did I ask the question, and again and again since then I have asked it, and ever with the same answer—There was no need for it. With all his intellectual power and keen penetration he failed to see and grasp one very small, yet highly important principle, and that is: the body is the basis of life. It is well to cultivate and develop mind and soul, but the body must first be well and strong, or mental and spiritual culture are largely lost. His nerve centers, his brain was most highly specialized and capable of performing work few men could equal. His intellect was a gift of the gods for the benefit of the world at large for ages yet to come, yet his physical condition was such that his power was weakened, his usefulness impaired, his years shortened, and, therefore, the good influence he could and would have continued to exert lost long ere it need to have been.

For, pre-eminently, the world needs the wisdom of its old men.

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be."

The wisdom of youth sees but the rosy half of life; alone to the old is it given to say:

"I shall *know*, being old."

Well might Browning write:

"Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old."

So it came upon me with the force of a personal loss, and then with the greater force that it was pre-eminently a national and a world loss that Huxley died as soon as he did. There was no need for it. A slight change in his method of life could and doubtless would have prevented it.

The eccentric, but very wise, Abernethy once said to a dyspeptic patient for whom he had prescribed again and again in vain: "Live on sixpence a day and earn it." Yes, earn it by physical labor. Go out and chop wood, (or trees, with Gladstone), haul logs, carry a hod, mix mortar, follow a plough, pitch hay, dig potatoes, or do any good, healthful, out-door physical exercise, and thus keep the body,—the machine of the mind,—in good trim. A steam-heated gymnasium is better than nothing, but it is a mere subterfuge, a shuffle, an excuse, a substitution of a "gentlemanly and refined" institution for the honest, manly recognition of the dignity of labor itself. There is more health in the work of a navvy, digging on a railroad track in the open air and bright sunlight, earning forty-five cents or ninety-eight cents a day and a good healthy appetite, with a digestion that can successfully cope with beans and beef than in all the "refined, gentlemanly" gymnasiums in the world. If it's labor you want and need go and get it in something useful and beneficial to the world. Make a blade of grass grow where there was none before,—or an onion, or a peach, or a pine, or a potato. Don't waste your energies in a "gentlemanly" gymnasium, where you are kept warm by steam heat, and shut out from pure air and vivifying sunlight. Go out of doors and *do* something. Be able at night to look upon the field you have ploughed, the ditch you have dug, the lawn you have mowed, the wood you have chopped, the carpenter work you have done, and feel the joy of achievement in physical labor that means something, that adds to the good of the world, rather than the mere personal, selfish pleasure of lifting dumb bells forty times or raising yourself by the trapeze twenty-five times in fifty seconds. The physical development will be greater in the former case than in the latter, and you will have done something beside. Every thrust of the spade you make, every forkful of hay you lift into the loft means so much of stored up energy for the discharge of your mental work. You will go back to your intellectual work with a vim, an energy, a naturalness, an out-of-doors "breeziness" that will delight you and astonish your friends as well as yourself. And, better than all, you will do it with a clarity of vision, a fullness of apprehension, a boldness of conception, and forcefulness of execution that you

never dreamed that you possessed. All of the power and energy of God's out-of-doors is behind you, and you both know and feel it, and, conscious of it you yield to the divine passion of fullness, of completeness of utterance that before you deemed yourself incapable of.

PRACTICAL UNSELFISHNESS.

To the Whisperer.

There is a great deal of selfishness in the world that is mainly based on thoughtlessness. All thoughtlessness is selfish. We think, but think only for ourselves, and this is selfishness. Pure Christianity consists in unselfishness. The Master "went about doing good." He gave Himself for others. To profess Christianity is no more to be a Christian than to write a poem on spring is to make spring exist. There is too much profession of an abstract character to-day, and not enough practical life to back it up. For instance, the loudest professor of the grace of holiness in an uptown church in New York, which I have often attended, has been in the habit, for years, of annoying every person within three or four pews of her by whispering during the services. When I heard her and she distracted my attention from song, prayer, Scripture reading and sermon, I wished, again and again, that she was less "holy" and more unselfish. She put more "devil" into me than the hymns and prayers and preaching could take out, and many a time I have refused to go to the church because of the intense distress this "holy" woman's whispering caused me. Now I propose to write a few words about the various manifestations of the "crime" of selfishness. And this one is to be devoted to the whisperer.

How many times has one gone to the church, opera, theatre, concert or lecture to be pestered by these tongue-waggling nuisances. They may be pretty, rich, well-dressed, well-connected, well-born and every other desirable thing, but they are certainly neither well-bred nor Christians. No well-bred person will give to another avoidable pain and distress, and that is what every whisperer does, every time his tongue suffers from the waggles in the wrong place and at the wrong time. A concert is given for the enjoyment by the audience of the music; a theatre for the rendition of a play; an opera for the singing of dramatic songs and choruses; a lecture for the communication of ideas; a service for the worship of the Divine. In each and all of these cases perfect silence, on the part of the auditors, except at certain well understood places (as for applause, responses, etc.) is an absolute condition to the proper enjoyment of the function. Everybody knows this; no one can plead ignorance of it. Everyone feels it when he, she, is disturbed by another, therefore every one should feel it *for his neighbor* when he is tempted for the time being to forget it.

A few Sundays ago I went to the South Church in New York, where, under the skillful, learned and soulful leadership of Gerritt Smith, a quartet and choir renders each week one of the great oratorios. I longed to hear the warbling melodies, the crashing, yet tuneful harmonies of Handel, and I sat down in a state of delightful expectancy to listen. The organ pealed forth its deep diapasons, full

trumpets and clear flute-like notes; the soloists lifted their voices like human nightingales and the chorus joined in with soul-stirring power, and I was lifted up as upon the invisible wings of the morning into the illimitable, when every sense of soul, mind and body was outraged by hearing loud whispering behind me. I looked to see who could be thus guilty of such a crime, in such a place, under such conditions, and what did I see? A pair of rude, uncouth. ill-dressed, dirty, brutal-faced gutter-snipes? No! not by any means. A pair of well-dressed, good-looking, evidently well-educated young men who ought to have known as well as any one the gross, brutal selfishness of their act. My look did not deter them. I tried to shut out their whispering and with an agony of effort sought to concentrate all my attention upon the music. But no! I had fallen to earth with such a dull thud, that every nerve of my body felt the shock, and do what I could, I was unable to rise again.

Sh—sh—pish—shs—buzz—buzz—buzz, went the lips behind me. My joy was lost, my cup of bliss dashed from my lips, the attempt to listen a torture instead of a pleasure, and all caused by that pair of well-dressed, well-educated young savages behind me. What could I do? What could I say? To make any move, or utter any protest was to make a boor of myself; to put *me,* instead of *them* in the position of the aggressor. At last I could bear it no longer. Taking out one of my personal cards, I wrote on it, "I am here to enjoy this music. Your whispering prevents. Remember I have a right to listen undisturbed: I hope you will recognize my right," and handed it to the nearest whisperer. He read it and gave it to his friend. Both smiled (for I watched them out of the half-turned corner of my eye) and then the further one took out his pencil, wrote a word across the card and handed it back. The word revealed him what his whispering had distinctly denied him to be, "a gentleman." It said "Certainly." But the subtile essence of joy was gone. The calmness of soul essential to a proper listening and enjoyment of the divine music was lost, and as I sat I was so powerfully conscious that I had been defrauded that, in spite of the gentlemanly response to my request, I felt that I had far rather have had my pocket picked than have been deprived of my right to the undisturbed enjoyment of the music. I lost somewhat of this irritated feeling when the young men, a few minutes later, arose and went out. Now I leaned back again and exerted my mind and body to complete absorption in the music, when to my inexpressible loathing and disgust new sh-sh-s-s-buzz-buzz-whiz-fiz-sh-sh-s-s-s began to come from another source. Goaded almost to an outcry I turned around to find a young woman with a male companion by her side discussing the score of the oratorio. If I could have made her faint with a look I certainly should have done so, but though she saw me turn and look an indignant protest, *several times,* she calmly went on talking. I then gave myself up to see what others felt about it, and by actual observation and count found forty-eight persons in a radius of six or seven seats in every direction were more or less disturbed by the selfish, godless whispering of that prettily-dressed, nice-faced, evidently educated savage and her beau.

I here express it as my definite, solemn conviction that I have less anger and resentment against a thief who deliberately puts his hand into

my pocket and steals my hard-earned cash than I have against that couple who would fiercely resent that they were anything less than a lady and a gentleman.

A lady and a gentleman! By the gods, then let me be a savage, a brute, a beast, so long as I can have a little regard for the rights of my fellow savages, brutes, beasts. If this be civilization, this wilful, deliberate, selfish riding over the rights of others, I prefer to be a Viking, an Apache, a Boer.

PRIMITIVE ARTS SOCIETY.

A meeting of those interested in the formation of a Primitive Arts Society took place May 23, 1903, at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

A temporary President and Secretary were elected, and it was decided to await more formal organization, October 3, 1903.

The suggested constitution which had been prepared by a committee aims to realize in the future an annual exhibition which may hope to further the use of native materials and raise the standard of art among home workers.

Recognizing that each locality has the first claim to the best use of its own material, the society hopes in the future to see not only students from our city schools but representatives from different sections of the country proving originality and freedom in handling our rich, native materials, as yet so little valued.

Miss Dopp, from Chicago, gave an interesting account of her work at the University, and encouraged us to realize how very important in all matters of art were the first steps in the care of raw materials.

All present agreed to keep a notebook through the summer and prepare some specimens, and if possible bring some finished articles to the meeting October 3, 1903.

Those most interested in basketry agreed to label the specimens of grass, etc., gathered, so that locality, state, county and town should be clear, conditions of soil and climate, date of gathering, method of treating, scientific name and the local name.

Most of those present were members of the Basket Fraternity.

In October we hope to report definite plans which will make it possible for the larger aims of a Primitive Arts Club to be realized.

THE FRATERNITY TRAVELING LIBRARY OF INDIAN BASKETRY.

The conditions on which this traveling library may be obtained are as follows:

1. At least twenty members of the Fraternity living in the same city or immediate neighborhood must send in a signed petition for it.

2. A guarantee from some banker or representative business man, whose standing is guaranteed by Dun or Bradstreet, must be enclosed, guaranteeing the payment of express charges and the safety of the baskets to be sent.

3. One basket will be sent for each member of the Fraternity petitioning. For instance, if twenty members desire the Library, twenty baskets will be sent; if twenty-five, twenty-five baskets, and so on.

4. Applications will be filed as received and filled as nearly as possible within a month after receipt.

5. The Library can be kept at each place desired for one week only, unless special provision be made for greater length of time.

THE FRATERNITY LIBRARY OF INDIAN PHOTOGRAPHS.

A number of these Libraries are all ready to send on application to any frater. Enclose fifty cents fee, and your guarantee to pay return postage and send back all photographs in good condition, or to pay thirty cents each for each photograph damaged or lost. Each Library contains fifty photographs of Indian weavers, baskets, designs, etc., and, where desired, general photographs showing the homes, industries, ceremonies, etc., of the Indians will be sent.

For a parlor talk to interest your friends in the Indians, these photographs are most useful and entertaining. Here are some of the subjects that may be asked for, in addition to those specifically relating to Indian Basketry:

Havasupai Indians
Navaho Indians
Wallapai Indians
Chemehnevi Indians
Yuma Indians
Mohave Indians
Acoma Indians
Hopi Indians
Mission Indians
Warner's Ranch Indians
Laguna Indians
Tulare Indians
Yokut Indians
Pima Indians
Apache Indians
Ceremonies
The Hopi Flute Dance
The Hopi Snake Dance
Fiesta at Acoma
Indian Dolls
Indian Drums
Indian Headdresses
Cliff City of Acoma
Cliff Dwellings
Grand Canyon
Havasu Canyon
Blanket Weaving
Pottery Making
Indian Games
Indian Children

THE FRATERNITY LIBBARY OF STEREOPTICON SLIDES WITH LECTURE.

This is all ready to be sent out on application to any frater. Send in your request, enclosing $1.00 for the hire, and guarantee to pay expressage both ways and to safely return the slides. If any are broken the frater will be charged fifty cents for each one so broken, whether during transit or not, the responsibility of the Fraternity ceasing when the slides are delivered to the express company. Each frater may keep the slides three days. If not promptly returned an extra charge of fifty cents per day will be required.

Any frater who has a lantern or can borrow one can, with these slides, give an interesting and instructive talk upon the subjects. There are 60 slides and a full hour's lecture accompanies them.

THE QUESTION BASKET.

We shall be glad to have Fraters ask all the questions they desire that come naturally into our province, and if we can answer them, will do so in this page of the succeeding BASKET.

Where may Sweet Grass be obtained?

Try Sol Benedict (an Indian), Ottawa Beach, Mich.

Where may the long Georgia Pine Needles be obtained?

Send 25 cents in stamps to Hon. Carleton B. Gibson, superintendent Public Schools, Columbus, Ga. He will see that the children gather and mail them.

Where can I get a model loom made by the Navaho Indians?

Hyde Exploring Expedition, East 23rd St., New York, or send $1.50 or $2.00 in 2 cent stamps to The Basket Fraternity and we will mail you one post free, making choice according to instructions as near as possible.

Where can I obtain lessons in making baskets in New York city?

There is a regular department in Teachers College, Columbia University. Write to Prof. C. R. Richards, Dean of the Manual Training Department, for information. Miss Mary White, author of "How to Make Baskets," also gives lessons at Mr. F. M. Covert's, 329 Fifth ave.

On page 34, Indian Basketry, is pictured a sacred Navaho basket. Dr. Matthews states that the design of this symbolizes the rain clouds. Miss Mary E. Slason, of Rutland, Vt., wishes to copy it, and also questions as follows:

"What are the colors?"

The outlines of the four divisions as well as the outlines of the rain-cloud designs are in black. The interior of the cloud designs are all in the peculiar reddish brown of these Paiuti made baskets, while the body of the basket is in the ordinary white splint.

"What is the diameter of the bottom?"

In my own basket, which, however, is figured with three instead of four designs, and is smaller than the general size, the bottom is five inches in diameter.

"What is the stitch used?"

The stitch is the coiled stitch described in "Indian Basketry," page 162, and of the variety figured in "How to Make Indian and Other Baskets," page 62, Fig. 76B.

"What is the design in the center?" and "Does the inner circle represent the upper or under world?"

I do not know.

"Is the Basket Fraternity prepared to supply real Indian materials?"

Not yet. It is growing more difficult to obtain material from the Indians, and, if possible, the Fraternity will seek to direct those who desire to purchase these materials directly to some one on the ground; some Indian trader or friend.

A number of letters have been received from Fraters asking where they can purchase Indian baskets. Here is a directory, and they are assured of good treatment from each dealer:

Hyde Exploring Expedition,
26 East 23d street, New York.

F. M. Covert,
329 Fifth avenue, New York.

E. Mehesy, Jr.,
Fourth and Main streets, Los Angeles, Cal.

Field & Cole,
349 Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal.; 19 S. First street, San Jose, Cal.; 706 K street, Sacramento, Cal.; 28 Pacific avenue, Santa Cruz, Cal.; Santa Barbara, Cal.; Capitola, Cal., Summer Only; 327 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal., also Potter Hotel, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Barker Burnell,
San Diego, Cal.

Frohman Trading Co.,
Portland, Ore.

The Curio,
Phoenix, Arizona.

A. Cohn,
The Emporium, Carson City, Nevada.

For Raffia, natural and vegetable dyed, and all supplies needed in Basket making and weaving, send to The Home & School Art Co., 940 Fine Arts Building, Chicago, Ill.

How is the maiden-hair fern-stem prepared for use in basketry?

The exact details I cannot give. As I understand it the stem is gathered at the proper time and merely dried. If any one can tell accurately I shall be glad to publish a full answer in the next "Basket."

THE FRATER PRIMUS AND FRA ELBERTUS.

There is no denying that we like other people to think well of us and our work. There is honest joy in their approbation when we are honestly striving to do the work which pleases them. Hence I confess to gratification and pleasure when I read what Elbert Hubbard wrote in the April number of The Philistine. Here it is:

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN.

When Napoleon met Wolfgang Goethe he said: "At last I have seen a man."

When George Wharton James made a little journey to Sun-up and spoke one Sunday afternoon in Roycroft Chapel, I mopped for joy, and said the same.

I never saw but one man to compare with James, and that was Dr. Lorenz, of Vienna. They look alike, act alike, are about the same age—each has the same splendid health, the good cheer, the perfect poise, and the great sympathetic heart of a Man.

These men know their business, and each in his own line has done his work better than any other living person.

James is the one authority on the Art of the North American Indian.

What's that!—there is none?

Lookee, my friend—no white woman can think out with her head and make with her hands a work of beauty to compare in completeness, in proportion, in perfection of color and design with the work of an Arizona Indian woman. This Indian may work two years on a single basket, and into its design she will weave the history of her race, and her own history as well—her aspirations, hopes, disappointments, and her love.

To do good work you must be a good person.

A beautiful piece of work is a beautiful thought made manifest.

An Indian basket is a prayer.

Man, like Deity, creates in his own image. If there is no beauty in your soul there will be no beauty in your work. If you have an inward illumination, it will come out at your finger-tips in your work if you are free.

And so these Indians who do this perfect work—this work of most exquisite proportion and design—must have in them much good. Are they not God's children? and has he not breathed into their spirits somewhat of the goodness and glory that reveals itself in leaf and flower, in bird and song, in mountain peak and sunset glow!

All is one.

And when you see George Wharton James and hear and listen to him as he relates the story of Ramona and her baskets, your heart will go out to all humanity in a universal sympathy, and love will possess your soul.

I started to write an advertisement and forgot and ran off about my Brother James, who is a Royal Roycrofter, with name in colors on the Great Roster of Philistia.

James has lived alone in the mountains and on the plains, and for six months has never seen a white person. The man who can live alone must be in good company in order to enjoy. Isn't that so?

It costs ten dollars to join the American Academy of Immortals. There are no liabilities and no further dues for ninety-nine years. You get the Vibrations, which mean health, courage, good cheer, success! All good things are yours.

James is a specimen. He can run, ride, swim, work and play. He eats like a hired man and sleeps like a baby. He has the child-heart, the body of a strong man, the mind of a prophet, and the soul of a god.

That is a combination we would all like to be, and may if we get ourselves in harmony with the Infinite.

Let's be men!

You are not supposed to like everything you read in The Philistine. I don't, and I write it all, too. We do not want servility and discipleship—let us be just ourselves. And the more we think for ourselves, the better we can think. Thinking is mental exercise, and we grow strong only through exercise. If The Philistine makes you think, it benefits you. Let us be ourselves!

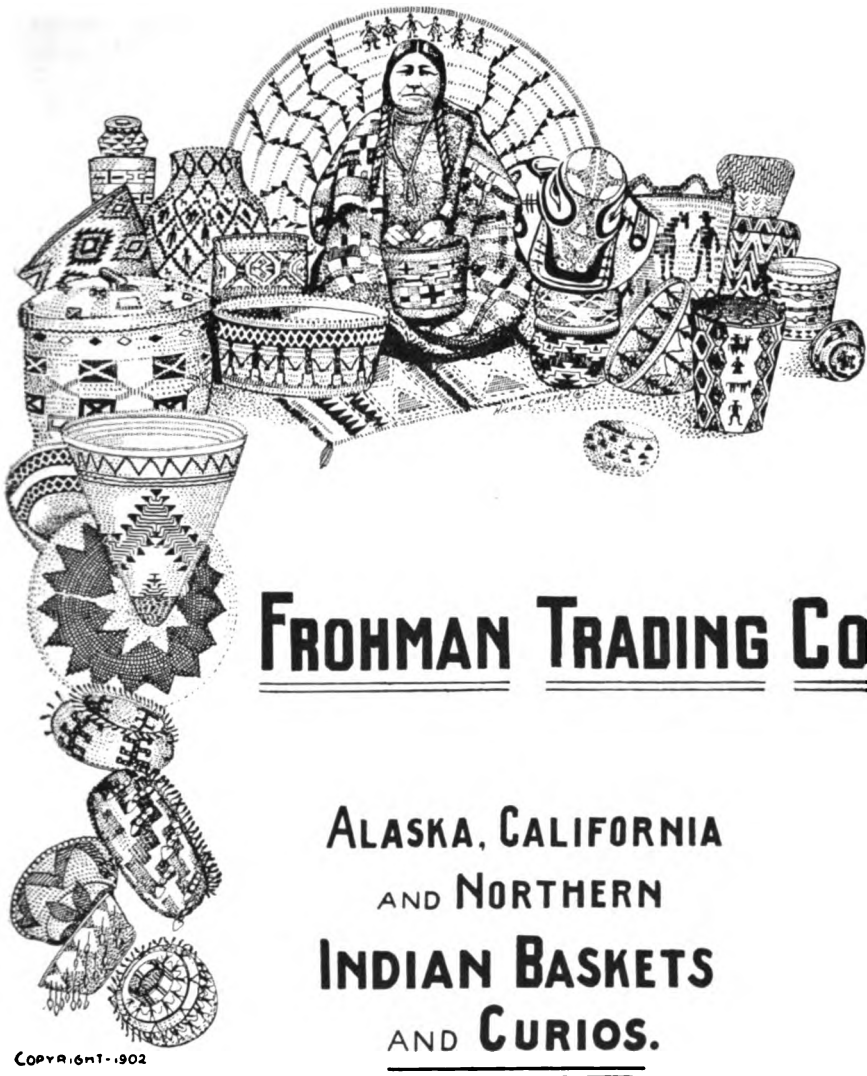
To this last paragraph I can give most hearty approval. The Philistine will make you think, possibly make you mad, perhaps make you think its writer is a fool. There is where you will make your mistake. A man who, monthly, for years, can set the thinking men and women of America thinking, and thinking "good," is no fool. A subscription to The Philistine is a good investment, and this is pure and sincere advice.

Some day I hope to write for "The Basket" an account of my "Little Journey to Sun-up," so that my readers will know what I think of Elbert Hubbard and the work he is doing.

SPECIAL PREMIUM FOR ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER.

We have just fifty copies left of "Nature Sermons," beautifully printed on one side of the paper only, tied with silk cord, handsome board cover especially designed by Harley D. Nichols. The whole edition is sold but these fifty copies. The price was fifty cents each. We wish to place them where they will be fully appreciated, namely, in the hands of fifty active members of the Basket Fraternity. We want these fifty "Nature Sermons" to bring us fifty new fraters. To those members, therefore, who send us a new name, with the dollar fee, we will send one of these beautiful little books, so long as they last, provided 6 cents extra is enclosed for postage. These sermons were written by our Frater Primus, George Wharton James, and afford a healthfully stimulating series of glimpses of Nature seen through his eyes.

There are but fifty copies left, so do not miss getting one. Send in your new name and thus help on the good work.



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Special California Tours

Our personally-conducted excursions to California have been very successful.

I am now organizing several similar parties for July and August. Will gladly send you full particulars of special advantages offered. Rates very low. Accommodations excellent. The best California line will be used — the Santa Fe. Why not go this summer and enjoy Pacific Ocean breezes and snow-capped Sierras? En route see Grand Canyon of Arizona. An unusual opportunity — don't miss it.

Write to W. J. Black, 1312 Great Northern Building, Chicago, for full particulars and free copy of beautiful book about California.

Santa Fe All the Way

This book should be returned
to the Library on or before the
last date stamped below.
Please return promptly.

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THE BASKE… …ers,
organized f… …ave
felt the cha…

ITS OBJECTS ARE…

1. To form a … …vers throughout the w…

2. To collect re… …ers' methods and work…

3. To photograp… …said photographs.

4. To seek in ev… …out among the Indian…

5. To discoura… …cial methods, which … …ale, foster the use of a… …ials and crude workma…

6. To encourage… …eek to retain the love … …yes, and restore the use… …ully prepared materials…

7. To seek to i… …ates Government to ea… …the agents, superinten… …all young Indian girls…

8. To make a n… …ave and style to be … …and primarily of baske… …ica. This collection to … …l be accessible at all tim… …ure and study of mem…

9. To organize a "traveling library" of veritable typical Indian baskets and send these as required to members of the fraternity for study and exhibition. Such a collection of basketry is already made, and is ready for its travels on call from those entitled to it.

10. To arrange for the gathering and distribution of Indian materials for basket weaving which shall be sold to members of the fraternity at as near cost as possible.

11. To prepare a set of stereopticon slides, with accompanying lecture, which will be loaned on payment of a small fee to any member of the fraternity. To prepare such slides also for sale.

12. To distribute among its members photographs or engravings of fine and typical baskets of all makes, and of representative Indian weavers.

13. To disseminate information among its members relating to the art and the objects of the fraternity.

14. To secure the ends aimed at in Sections 12 and 13, to prepare, and issue quarterly an illustrated bulletin of general or specific interest to basketry lovers and collectors and to send this bulletin, when issued, free to all members of the fraternity.

15. To arrange for lectures on Indian basketry when and where possible, either to members of the fraternity or to outsiders desirous of knowing of its work; to organize classes for the teaching of basketry, and to enlarge the circle of those who know and love basketry work.

16. To promote the organization of classes for the teaching of basketry in orphan asylums, prisons, poor houses, insane asylums and other eleemosinary establishments in order that easy and simple employment may be found for the unfortunate which will help relieve the harmful monotony of their lives.

17. To set in motion all possible machinery for the creating of markets for baskets so made, as well as the baskets made by the Indians, in order that their makers may derive as much financial benefit as possible from their labors.

The fraternity fee is $1.00 per year, payable on application. Entrance may be made at any time during the year. In return for this fee the members of the fraternity are assured that they will receive:

1. The four bulletins, issued quarterly, referred to in Section 14.

The first of these is a beautifully illustrated hand-book entitled "How to Make Indian and Other Baskets," by George Wharton James, author of "Indian Basketry," and originator of The Basket Fraternity.

The second is in preparation and will be entitled "Living Indian Weavers." It will comprise fully twenty portraits of typical Indian weavers, with descriptive accounts of their work. It will be issued April 1.

The third bulletin will be entitled "Typical Indian Basket Shapes," and will contain not less than twenty plates of exquisitely shaped Indian baskets. It will be issued July 1.

The fourth bulletin will be entitled "Typical Indian Designs," and will contain fully twenty illustrations of baskets of superior design. It will be issued October 1.

2. Whenever twenty members of the fraternity, living in one town or section, unite in asking for the loan of an Indian basketry collection, it will be sent to them on guarantee of its safety and the payment of freight charges both ways.

Forms of application for such a loan will be sent on request.

3. Whenever fifty members of the fraternity petition for a lecturer, and will guarantee a small fee and necessary expenses, one will be sent, in order to further the work of the fraternity.

The headquarters of The Basket Fraternity is Pasadena, California, where the nucleus of the national collection and the "traveling libraries" of Indian baskets are located.

Address all communications and make all P. O. Orders payable to

THE BASKET FRATERNITY,
STATION A,
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

Forms of application for membership will be sent on request. The first bulletin will be forwarded as early as possible after receipt of the fraternity fee of one dollar.